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= Preface =

[image]

Throughout my journey as an admin of WarriorsOfTheCentury, I've always taken some time to reflect on why I decided to join this account; why I wanted to be in a joint account in the first place.

I never wanted to be in a joint account before, as I thought it was too much work for me to handle. However, I realised that the amount of workload does not matter, as long as I get to meet new people, and work on special projects with them. The bonds of friendship and trust is important in life, even if one does not realise that now.

I never regretted my decision to join this group of enthusiastic fans of Warriors - I share their excitement and drive to promote the amazing series.

My time here with Century has made me aware of new situations, and those situations taught me how to deal with them.

This book is dedicated to our 1000 Yearlets that have followed us as our account grow. Without all of you, we would've never made it this far. Losing followers, gaining followers, or even staying on the same number of followers for quite some time - that has all happened before.

What does this book contain, you might ask? This book will showcase a truer side of us, or rather our Warrior OCs. In this book, there will be challenges for all of us to overcome, and you - Yearlets - get a chance to sign up your OC to get featured in this book.

This represents change, something we all have difficulty accepting at one point. I have to admit, I really dislike change. I hate to see loved ones go, friends around me replaced with stangers, and more. However, I do know that without change, there will be no progress, and without progress, it's hard to achieve anything at all.

So now, I bring you all a gift. A gift to tell everyone out there - change doesn't mean people you love leaving you forever. Strangers are just friends you've yet to meet.

And with that said, I now bring you...

~ Sky ❄
[31/8/16]

Note: I will not be the only one writing this. This will be a collaboration between all admins.

= Allegiances =

= ShadedClan =

Leader | Blazingstar *// Long-legged short-furred ginger tabby tom with cream underbelly, paws, tail tip, a huge scar on his right shoulder, and dark amber eyes.* {animal_lover287} [Mate: Mothchaser]

Deputy | Skyfrost *// Svelte, snowy white she-cat with faint silver tabby stripes and sky blue eyes; a faint scar on her chest, close to her heart.* {-Skyfrost-}

Medicine cat | Willowfeather *// Long-furred grey she-cat with small paws, small ears, and bright blue eyes; left eye is blind.* {xXShadowWillowXx}

Medicine cat Apprentice | Dawnpaw *// Pale grey she-cat with white paws and bright blue eyes.* {peppermint_pup}

Warriors |

Morninglily *// Soft-furred brown she-cat with cream-coloured ears, paws, chest, and soft green eyes.* {Spokenwrites}

Apprentice, Leafpaw

Ravenshadow *// Black she-cat with dark grey tabby spots, white underbelly, and dark blue eyes.* {Raven_Da_Music_Kitty}

Swiftfeather *// Short-furred white she-cat with black splotches, a black tail-tip, and fierce green eyes.* {PebbleHeartLove}

Mothchaser *// Short-furred small light brown she-cat with mixed darker brown and sandy colours, white paws, tufted ears, a very short, curled tail and walnut-shaped, green eyes.* {TheAprilFlower} [Mate: Blazingstar]

Hollymask *// Dark ginger she-cat with one white paw, a twisted left back paw and dull green eyes.* {Fluttertree71} [Mate: Wingclaw]

Apprentice, Lilacpaw

Grasswing // *Tortoiseshell tom with white paws and green eyes.* {MisterBeane42}

Midnightsong // *Black she-cat with white spots and blue eyes.* {TeaAndNarcolepsy}

Cherrylight // *Tortoiseshell-and-white she-cat with tinted ears, paws, and tail with piercing blue eyes.* {TheForgottenCherri}

Flamepelt // *Bright orange tom with white marks on the sides of his pelt and blue eyes.* {SK8ergirl03} [Mate: Oakstream]

Larkwillow // *Beautiful chocolate calico with bits of very light faded orange and greyish green eyes.* {WarriorCatMoon335} [Mate: Sagewing]

Wingclaw // *Battle-scarred grey tom with a white paw, chest, and dark green eyes.* {Wingstar1414} [Mate: Hollymask]

Fallowsong // *White she-cat with calico marks on her forehead and back, and bright green eyes.* {dragonfriend410}

Willowstream // *Light brown tabby she-cat with one white front paw, underbelly, and tail tip, with beautiful green eyes.* {SkatingDolphinGirl23}

Paleshade // *Light ginger she-cat with a black muzzle, tail tip, paws, and ear tips, and dark green eyes.* {WhenWillow_Shatters}

Apprentice, Mistypaw

Rippleheart // *Light grey tabby tom with a white chest, a scar running down one of his hind legs, and blue eyes.* {kawaiicatqueen}

Sagewing // *Large light ginger tom with a darker ginger stripe going down his back and forest green eyes.* {HaleyRolfes} [Mate: Larkwillow]

Oakstream // *Dark grey she-cat with black stripes and green eyes.* {Flowerwing101} [Mate: Flamepelt]

Yarrowfrost // *Ragged light grey she-cat with white ears, left back paw, and a white-tipped tail, a small scar on her muzzle, and narrow amber eyes.* {Skalya}

Cloudfall // *Shaggy grey she-cat speckled with white and dark grey, white paws, underbelly, muzzle, tail tip, and left ear, with pale silvery blue eyes.* {cloudstar-sweg}

Appleshadow // *Tortoiseshell-and-white she-cat with a fluffy tail and bright green eyes.* {PrincessAsriel}

Apprentices |

Lilacpaw// *Light brown tabby she-cat with large white patches and icy blue eyes.* {Gabigal1234}

Leafpaw // *Grey tabby she-cat with darker stripes, a twisted paw, white chest, underbelly, chest, tail tip, and ear tips with bright green eyes.* {--Acieeee--}

Mistypaw // *Beautiful silver tabby She-cat with white chest, paws, tail tip, and brilliant blue eyes.* {DarkShadowCharizard}

Queens |

Whiterose // *White she-cat with a single red patch on her right cheek and green eyes; expecting kits.* {LyLon14}

Swollenflower // *White she-cat with piercing blue eyes and a swollen belly.* {RockyRumble}

Elders |

Frondstripe // *Long-furred fawn-coloured tom with tabby stripes, white patches, a bobtail and curled ears with noticeable slanted amber eyes.* {YearlyAquariAce}

Squirreltail // *Light brown tom with amber eyes and a bushy tail.* {Spottedsun15}

Dullmoon // *Frail grey she-cat with black ears, paws, and dull grey eyes; blurry vision in her right eye.* {DreamWithinDreams}

Barkfur // *Greying brown-and-white she-cat with creaking limbs and grey eyes.* {EmeraldLegend}

= **SilverClan** =

Leader | Acestar // *Dark grey tom with cream paws, a tabby tail, and green eyes with flecks of amber.* {Bubblestar-}

Deputy | Stormflight // *Long-legged grey, white, and black mottled she-cat with green eyes, an unusually long tail, several nicks in her ears, and a scar on her left shoulder.* {GirlonFire137}

Medicine cat | Ottersplash // *Fluffy brown she-cat with hazel eyes.* {bighades}

Medicine cat Apprentice | Frostpaw // *White tom with one grey ear and multicoloured eyes; blue and green.* {X_PizzaCat_X}

Warriors |

Onyxshard // *Black, grey, white she-cat with bright, unblemished green eyes.* {JinXedMe}

Crimsonfang // *Dark ginger tabby she-cat with a russet tint and amber eyes.* {TheFrostedDoghnut}

Apprentice, Berrypaw

Rainfeather // *Silver she-cat with white paws, tail tip, chest, and blue eyes.* {EchoSong300}

Dapplebreeze // *Light grey she-cat with darker grey dapples, a thin tail, one white front paw and blue eyes.* {LPSinfinitywolf}

Larkbranch // *Light brown she-cat with dark brown speckles, nicked ears and yellow eyes.* {Echoshine_4} [Mate: Hailwish]

Shelteredperch // *Scrawny small white tom with blue eyes.* {WolfPackAlfa} [Mate: Birchblossom]

Fireflower // *Slim russet-furred she-cat a white-tipped right ear and blue eyes.* {BuggyBug101}

Apprentice, Jaggedpaw

Icedusk // *Long-furred white she-cat with silver ears, paws, a black tail, and clear, silvery blue eyes.* {Icedusk}

Daisylight // *Dilute tortoiseshell-and-white she-cat with a nicked left ear and blue-green eyes.* {xXLittleSenpaiXx}

Fernwhisker // *Scarred muscular brown tabby tom with a white underbelly, neck and muzzle with green eyes.* {StarWarrior4}

Hailwish // *Silver tom with blue eyes.* {RRSnow} [Mate: Larkbranch]

Rainwing // *Brown she-cat with bright blue eyes.* {Riversong63}

Apprentice, Goosepaw

Birchclaw // *Orange-and-white tabby with a scar on his head, and green eyes.* {gavinclaw}

Cheetahstrike // *Long-legged golden dappled she-cat with creamy white paws and bright blue eyes.* {thatonewarriorsfan}

Apprentice, Lightningpaw

Pebblestep // *Slender light grey she-cat with darker grey spots, a white muzzle, belly, stumpy tail, and hazel eyes.* {CandyTheLabCat}

Apprentices |

Berrypaw // *Fluffy russet-furred she-cat with cream paws, tail tip, and muzzle with blue eyes; left eye is pale and blind.* {Forever_Undertale}

Lightningpaw // *Scarred long-furred golden tom with bright green eyes.* {The_Warrior_Writer}

Goosepaw // *Long-legged fluffy brown tabby she-cat with a cream-coloured belly and paws, and amber eyes.* {Bubblyti}

Jaggedpaw // *Dark smoky grey tom with yellow eyes.* {StarsOfDusk}

Queen |

Birchblossom // *Dilute tortoiseshell she-cat with a white chest and green eyes.* {emberblazeofwindclan} [Mate: Shelteredperch]

Kit |

Cavekit // *Grey tabby tom with blue eyes.* {cavekit}

Elders |

Iceshatter// *Frail pure white tom with blind ice blue eyes, multiple chunks of missing fur and poor hearing.* {SimpleCalamity}

Greystem // *Skinny soft-furred silvery grey she-cat with silver tabby patches on her back, face, and tail, with bones jutting out from her pelt, and blue eyes.* {FantaPantha}

Ivypebble // *Long-legged white she-cat with very dark brown tabby patches, nicks on both ears, a few scars on her pelt, and hazel eyes.* {Nyan_Narwhal}

Creekblossom // *Blue-grey spotted tabby she-cat with white paws, tail, folded ears, deep amber eyes.* {liablossom}

= **HeatherClan** =

Leader | Slashstar // *Large short-furred black tom with a scarred face and dark blue eyes.* {Doctor_Cat} [Mate: Poppytail]

Deputy | Featherfalcon // *Slim, golden-furred tabby she-cat with brown outlined green eyes, a white muzzle, white chest, and white paws.* {_HeavensQuill_}

Medicine cat | Hazelfern // *Brown she-cat with light brown undercoat, dark brown stripes covering her back and head, dark brown tail tip and one dark brown ear with cloudy dark blue eyes.* {twentyoneproblems}

Medicine cat Apprentice | Webpaw // *Thick-furred dark grey she-cat with dull white markings on face, legs, throat, tail, and back, and large glistening amber eyes with flecks of blue.* {Empress_Silver}

Warriors |

Leopardstrike // *Silver and black dappled she-cat with green eyes; former rogue.* {CloudOfEarlyAutumn}

Cricketleg // *Small dark brown tom with hazel eyes; former rogue.* {Cricketleg}

Blossomwing // *Dark tortoiseshell she-cat with a bushy tail and amber eyes.* {xXthe_blossomXx}

Slatedusk // *Long-furred scarred dark grey tom with a tan underbelly, brown paws, short light grey tail, sharp claws, and hard, amber eyes.* {SilverhawkWC}

Ryeberry // *Pale brown she-cat with darker flecks, black speckles behind her ears, a very scarred muzzle, and piercing amber eyes.* {-StormstrikeWrites-}

Cedarwing // *Large silver tabby tom with silver eyes.* {Cedarwolf}

Echostrike // *Long-legged broad-shouldered jet black tom with a feathery tail and blazing amber eyes.* {bambitherbeaver-13}

Echolight // *Brown tabby she-cat with white paws and amber eyes.* {JayfeatherCat7}

Foxfang // *Dark russet with black, ears, white-tipped tail, white underbelly, and muzzle, with a long scar across his nose and yellow eyes.* {RainbowGirl955}

Ospreywings // *Short-furred brown tabby she-cat with a white belly and green eyes.* {OspreyWings}

Apprentice, Darkpaw

Pinestreak // *Light ginger tom with dark green eyes.* {Frostfern10}

Ivyheart // *Russet tortoiseshell she-cat with black stripes on her tail, and white on the tip, with green eyes.* {ShadowTheRouge}

Foxspark // *Light orange-coloured tom with white paws, tail tip, and bright yellow eyes.* {-Zeferyx-}

Wolfstorm // *Black and dark grey tom with specks of white on his paws and pale blue eyes.* {DulceneaCuenca}

Poppytail // *Light brown tabby she-cat with a long black-tipped tail, a single black paw, and pale amber eyes.* {cloverponyz} [Mate: Slashstar]

Sootflight // *Tall dark grey she-cat with faint stripes and pale green eyes.* {Roxy_Universe}

Apprentice, Flintpaw

Cloudpelt // *White with grey speckles, a scar on his right cheek, and bright blue eyes.* {CITTEN-Snowflake}

Rosefeather // *Slender sleek grey she-cat with darker grey spots, white paws, a permanent injury on her back left leg, and dark green eyes.* {warriorcatssquad}

Lynxthroat // *Dusty brown tom with large black tufted cream-coloured ears, paws, and tail, white muzzle, throat, chest, half of his legs, and amber eyes.* {CelesteOrcalebooks}

Ambergaze // *Short-furred lean sandy-coloured she-cat with various sizes of black spots and darker shades of brown, big ears, and bright amber eyes.* {Haunted_Shadows_}

Apprentices |

Darkpaw // *Dark grey she-cat with a nicked ear, black stripes and copper eyes.* {RainbowHunter05}

Flintpaw // *Pure jet-black tom with blazing amber eyes.* {_Flameheart_}

Elder |

Forestspirit // *Solid brown cat with bright green eyes.* {DuskyKat}

= CATS OUTSIDE THE CLANS =

Muffin // *Fluffy dark brown tabby she-cat with light hazel eyes;*

kittypet. {Inspired by Sky}

Cinnamon // *Dusty grey tom with spots on his back and deep brown eyes, with a slash on his hind leg; kittypet.* {Inspired by Morning}

Whispie // *Ginger tabby she-cat with icy blue eyes.* {Inspired by Anonymous}

= Prologue =

Nothing could cease the furious twinkling of an encrusted escape, not even the looming memories lurking beneath their broken smile.

Low-hanging and floating in tainted tufts across the skies, a fog of misty uncertainty drifted in a steady tempo following the rhythm of thunder rumbling in disappointing crescendos far in the distance. Flecks of lightning spattered the grey clouds coating the sparking sky with a dismal warning, flashing abruptly with a weak electric snap crackling through every bolt. Though the weather was unpredictable damaged, it was the pure bliss StarClan was depicted as that remained untruthful. A facade of clear nights and sparkling lights, all tales used by elders to ease their minds as they inched closer and closer to an abyss of loss.

Something unnatural hung over StarClan, a cloak that could not be removed from its hanger. A cloak of deceit and guilt.

The ground crunched as a cat wandered across the plains, alone. A thawing frost lay atop it standing stiffly in defiance of those intimidating it. Though she wandered in low spirits, she couldn't help but crack a smile at the satisfying sound made with her movement. She held onto the little things that made her spirit worth while, for they were the only things she had left. Speckles still littered her pelt with remembrance, haunting her nightmares when she dared to close her eyes. They were pinpricks made in her final moments, pinpricks that destroyed a life worth living. The tumbling sensation, impending pain, it still crept upwards and encased her soul when her moods were lifted. A monotone attitude kept them at bay, and smiling did not keep within the lines of fake content; the frost no longer satisfied.

Indentations of her paws left a mark behind her as she searched the land for a familiar face. Her russet appearance resembled that of a dulled flame, a foxy twinge to her tail. Flames flickered in her deep amber eyes, swirling misery hidden from plain view. Her fur, ticked with the mark of the dead, twinkled vibrantly with bounce of her

being, a masquerade of pureness she couldn't keep up for much longer. She sought out a consultant, someone her heart throbbed for at the simple sight of his ash grey pelt. He was pinpricked in the same manner, but his remorse was far different; much lost, nothing missed.

"Scorchkit?" she called hopefully. "Do you hear me?"

"I do," he responded, his voice lost in a distant echo as it dispersed into the air.

Ears perked, she started forward with haste, following the scent now mingled amongst the damp smog lying overhead. Between the fine tufts of fog that impaired her vision, a small figure of sublime innocence pushed through the boundaries of sight, his eyes wide. She breathed with relief as he brushed up against her, his figure no larger than the day his life terminated.

"How do you fair?" she asked in genuine interest, lapping at his fur.

"Well," he answered, a mature voice unsuited to his demeanour. "I hunt well despite the weather, and my friends keep in good spirits."

She purred. "I'm glad to hear."

Scorchkit sat before her, wrapping his tail around his speckled grey paws. "And you?"

She sighed in defeat, lowering her gaze. "I can't say I fair well with such a burden on my shoulders."

"A burden of what?" he questioned her in bitter confusion. "You carry no burden, only questions of what should've been."

He paused, struck by another prospect. "That's how you should feel."

She exhaled a dulled laugh of disagreement. "How can I only question when I took you down with me? You should be a warrior by now, yet you still resemble that of a kit."

Scorchkit groomed his paw respectively, admiring the daintiness of

it. "It has been a while since we fell, I don't understand why you still feel the same."

She lifted a paw and brushed it across her son's face, feeling his soft fur against her claw. "You look so much like your father."

He smiled, emotion pulsing at his big blue eyes. "I miss my father, he made me feel safe."

She frowned. "And I don't?"

"Auburnrose, how can you? Each time I look at you, I see my mother, but she's broken."

She scoffed. "They say time's the greatest healer of all, but my wounds still sting."

Scorchkit brushed against her, sensing her frustration as it prickled her fur outwards. Auburnrose tried to find solace in her son's company, but she couldn't. She began to shake, a calm stature now riddled with anger more sour than the flavour across her tongue.

"Time's precious, Scorchkit," she spat.

He whimpered. "Mistakes are futile, we learnt the hard way."

Auburnrose shook her head, fury rippling across her spine. "There was no mistake, we did not fall because our balance broke our strength."

Scorchkit froze, stepping away from her. He backed away and stood rigid in her view, scanning her amber appearance in fearful wondering. She shook with anger, her paws quivering with the knowledge she kept private in her blood. It boiled, drained her of all peace, and soon it would break free of her and leave a mess behind it.

"We did not fall. We were pushed off that cliff. I felt claws against my back, it still makes me skin crawl," she drawled sinisterly.

"Are you sure you do not mistake claws for thorns? We are still pricked," he asked, offering a different perspective.

She did not hesitate to reject it.

"No! I know what I felt, I know what happened the day we died, it was no accident."

"Murder," he breathed.

A filtered light cloaked with darkness suddenly, blocking the haze keeping their faces alit. Their outline crusted with twinkles that did not suit their muscles build, and the shadows across their face kept their identity masked. A claw outstretched from their paw and it glinted in the light. A silhouette from the past, one that did not belong in a twisted future.

"Yes."

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Surprisingly enough, it isn't a Century admin here! This was written by Hazel, I'm very happy I got the opportunity to introduce this fantastic story. From Century and Decade, thank you very much for 1000 followers, and I hope you enjoy this story!

- Hazel from Decade

= Chapter 1 =

Dust scattered across the clearing as paws skidded over them. Swift blurs of graceful movements gathered a fair amount of attention. The trees seemed to shake as the two cats faced off in a friendly duel.

Remember your training, Morninglily. One paw in front, but not too forward. Wait for the right moment to strike as you evaluate your opponent, Morninglily thought to herself. She dug her claws into the ground to stop herself from falling backwards from her opponent's impact.

The brown she-cat narrowed her eyes and swished her tail, eager to finish the battle. Her opponent was Ravenshadow, a quiet and reserved cat, but her good friend.

"Your skills have greatly improved, Ravenshadow! I'm impressed!" Morninglily meowed, shifting into an offensive crouch.

"You haven't been dozing off as well; your speed has definitely increased," Ravenshadow said, returning the compliment.

Morninglily gave Ravenshadow a slight smirk before pouncing onto her, pinning her down. "Got you!"

Ravenshadow struggled, trying to shake Morninglily off. "You've certainly become much stronger."

"Why, thank you," Morninglily chuckled.

"However, I have also trained myself to become stronger," Ravenshadow meowed, smirking. She faced her belly upwards, and placed her paws onto Morninglily's underbelly. "Which is why I'm winning this battle!"

With a heave, Ravenshadow pushed Morninglily off with her paws, sending her flying backwards. Stunned, Morninglily shooked her

head, trying to clear her mind. *Focus,* she told herself.

The two warriors circled each other, both observing their opponent. Since they were good friends, they knew each other extremely well. It was hard for them to land an effective attack on each other.

Morninglily shifted her right paw forward, lifting her chin up confidently. Ravenshadow lashed her tail and crouched, ready to intercept Morninglily's attacks.

Morninglily's eyes shifted to a tree behind Ravenshadow. She widened her eyes as a plan formed in her mind. Giving her friend a grin, she darted towards Ravenshadow.

Ravenshadow frowned, confused, but focused her attention on Morninglily. *I have no idea if this will work, but let's give it a try,* Morninglily thought as she pounced.

To Ravenshadow's surprise, Morninglily leapt over her instead of at her. Morninglily twised her body and her hind paws landed on the tree trunk. She pushed off the tree immediately after, gaining momentum as she sprung towards Ravenshadow.

Ravenshadow whipped her head behind and widened her eyes in shock. She raised herself on her hind paws and unsheathed her front claws, intercepting Morninglily.

"I certainly wasn't expecting you to jump off a tree trunk, but I'm always prepared for you," Ravenshadow commented, as her claws met Morninglily's.

Morninglily growled in frustration, pulling away. "Let's end the match here. I have to go on a border patrol."

"This time it is a draw - again - but the next won't be one," Ravenshadow purred, licking her paw.

"Count on it. It was a great duel, Ravenshadow," Morninglily smiled softly, turning to leave. The crowd of cats that formed while the two warriors were battling erupted into cheers.

"You were amazing!"

"Awesome!"

"Great moves!"

"I like your style!"

The crowd parted to allow the cats to pass. Morninglily gave her Clanmates a polite nod while Ravenshadow returned to her reserved self.

Morninglily spotted Leafpaw, her apprentice, standing next to Mothchaser and Rippleheart. She heard towards them, and greeted them with a warm mew.

"That was a great fight you put up!" Leafpaw purred, her eyes shining in admiration. "One day, when I become a warrior, I'll be just like you!"

Morninglily returned the purr and turned to Mothchaser and Rippleheart. "Ready to go?"

Mothchaser and Rippleheart nodded, and Morninglily headed out of ShadedClan camp. "We need to remark the borders along HeatherClan territory. Recently, they have been more... aggressive, but please keep arguments to a minimum if we were to run into a patrol."

Mothchaser and Rippleheart exchanged glances. "I'll try my best, but if those fox-hearts dare mock us, I won't hold back," Mothchaser growled, lashing her tail defiantly.

Morninglily sighed, shaking her head in disapproval. "Let's hurry and not waste more time. The quicker we do this, the faster we can get back to camp."

The patrol navigated through the sturdy oak trees, and neared some spruce trees. Leafpaw looked at the trees and turned to her mentor. "Why did ShadedClan choose to live in the oak forest, Morninglily? Is there a significant reason?"

Surprised by her apprentice's sudden enquiry, Morninglily pondered over it silently. She glanced at the eyes of her curious apprentice,

and smiled.

"Well, oak trees represents our strength to endure any hardships we face. The fact that oak trees can survive for a very long time also symbolises wisdom," Morninglily meowed. "Wisdom is brought through experience as one ages, and our ancestors wanted to remind us that no matter what obstacles we face, we must face them together."

Leafpaw listened with interest, satisfied with her mentor's explanation. "It makes a lot of sense! Our ancestors are smart! The other Clans will feel our strength!"

"Yes, they will," Morninglily chuckled, amused by her apprentice. "We're here."

The patrol stopped just in front of spruce trees. "Spruce trees are beautiful," Leafpaw gasped softly, admiring the tall trees.

"If only the cats living among the trees had a good heart," Mothchaser laughed, flicking an ear dismissively. "They are vile cats that care none for cats outside their Clan."

"Mothchaser, stop criticising them and start marking the border," Morninglily instructed. "I don't want to cross paths with any HeatherClan patrols."

"Too late," Rippleheart meowed, pointing his tail towards a group of cats marching towards the ShadedClan cats.

"That smells a lot like trouble," Leafpaw muttered, shrinking back. "We should leave."

Three HeatherClan cats approached them, stopping just in front of the border. Morninglily recognised the cats as Echolight, Ivyheart, and Rosefeather.

"What brings you to the border, Morninglily?" Rosefeather asked, studying the ShadedClan cats. "Are you remarking the borders?"

"Indeed, we are. What about you?" Morninglily replied politely, giving her Clanmates a signal that she would do the talking.

"We are here to hunt, actually. Echolight scented ShadedClan cats so we thought we should make sure none of you... step over the line," Rosefeather responded.

"You fox-hearted-" Mothchaser began, but Rippleheart silenced Mothchaser by stomping his paw onto her tail. Mothchaser stifled a yelp of surprise and glared at her Clanmate.

Ivyheart gave Mothchaser a glare, which the light brown warrior gladly returned.

"A ShadedClan cat like you wouldn't last a day in the wild by yourself!" Ivyheart snorted in contempt. "Just look at the size of yourself!"

"Well, a thirteen-moon-old dung-face like you wouldn't stand more of a chance!" Mothchaser retorted. "You would probably mistake rabbit dung for kittypet food!"

"Fourteen!" Ivyheart corrected, her fur bristling. "At least I have a brain, unlike you!"

The two young warriors growled at each other aggressively, neither backing down. Morninglily sighed in exasperation and gave Mothchaser a glare. "Stand down, Mothchaser."

"I will not back down to a HeatherClan cat!" Mothchaser hissed, baring her teeth defiantly.

"Nor will I back down to a ShadedClan cat!" Ivyheart yowled, fury clouding her eyes. "What does Blazingstar see in you, anyway?"

Reaching the limit of her self-restraint, Mothchaser yowled in fury and leapt at Ivyheart. The other cats gasped in horror as the two prepared to meet each other with claws unsheathed.

Rippleheart swiftly darted in front of Mothchaser and pushed her backwards, and gave Ivyheart a swift kick to send her flying. The she-cats fell onto the ground, hard.

"Great work, Rippleheart," Morninglily mewed, sighing in relief.

"No! How could you attack Ivyheart, Rippleheart? You must be out of your mind!" Rosefeather growled, lashing her tail in anger. "Are you incapable of controlling your Clanmates?"

"Speak for yourself!" Leafpaw retorted. Morninglily silenced her apprentice with a disapproving look.

"Are you all right, Ivyheart?" Echolight asked, supporting her Clanmate with her shoulder.

"I'm fine!" Ivyheart hissed, groaning slightly in pain.

Rippleheart helped Mothchaser up and gave her an apologetic look. "I'm sorry, Mothchaser. I had to do something to stop you from fighting."

Blazingstar would most likely do nothing serious to his mate, but they won't know that, Morninglily thought cleverly.

"I apologise for Mothchaser's unacceptable behaviour, Rosefeather. Be rest assured she will be punished accordingly to how Blazingstar sees fit," Morninglily meowed firmly, her eyes fixated on Rosefeather's dark green eyes.

Rosefeather narrowed her eyes, but nodded in approval. "All right. Echolight, help Ivyheart. Let's head back to camp."

When the HeatherClan cats left, Morninglily heaved a sigh of relief. She turned to Mothchaser and gave her a sharp glare. "What were you thinking, picking a fight with another cat?"

"She was mean!" Mothchaser hissed. She carefully examined herself, and licked her paw to clean herself. "Besides, she deserves to be shredded to pieces!"

Morninglily shook her head I'm disapproval. "Do not do that again. Let's head back to camp."

The ShadedClan cats returned to camp, with Leafpaw chattering happily and Mothchaser muttering to Rippleheart.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Hey, Yearlets! This chapter is written by Sky. Admittedly, my writing hasn't been up to standards lately, but I tried really hard to make sure it's readable.

What did you enjoy in this chapter? What do you think can be improved? A suggestion or two will be very much appreciated!

The first few chapters will be used to introduce the main characters in this book. I sincerely hope you're enjoying the book so far, and thank you all for 1000 followers!

~ Sky ❄

= Chapter 2 =

She was a wallflower.

Her clouded gaze never quite belonged to one individual colour, and it puzzled even herself when she gazed at her reflection. She couldn't quite feel content defining her eyes as one of a leaf green, identical to that of a fern, or a sharp blue. Dazzling frost didn't quite pierce hearts the way she did, and her movements were not comparable to that of a crackling line of chill creeping along a lone twig in leafbare. But a fern plant was delicate, and she was not, so blurred in her mind lay a description of what the opening to her soul looked like.

She'd spent many moons pondering this question, even asked multiple cats who visited her for their opinion, but she was always left disappointed. They'd tell her blue like the streams in greenleaf, or green like the leaves on birch trees, or they'd tell her she should worry more about the herbs she gave to cure her patients. Though they were right, she knew her questioning was truly valid; eyes were the opening to the soul, and souls were what made up StarClan. If she couldn't decide what colour her eyes were, what good would she be when she joined the land she praised so dearly? What purpose did she serve believing in them? She'd find an answer, one day.

For now, Hazelfern remained a wallflower, a thistle as she was often described. Her soft features of warm oak and eyes gentle as raindrops reminded onlookers of the delicate flower atop a thistle, but her words dug deeper than even the sharpest of needles attached to a plant. She kept to the shadows, and that was where she stood when it happened, watching from the entrance to her den where the light was kept out by greenery. A dappled pattern of patchwork darkness splashed across the dust, and it kept her opinionated expression away from the controversy rippling across HeatherClan camp. Echoes of disapproval and pride merged in battle overhead, but Hazelfern did not contribute.

"Featherfalcon will be the new deputy of HeatherClan!"

She couldn't help but let out a sigh of relief. A hardworking candidate stepped up to receive her prize, and Hazelfern found herself glancing over at the other options her leader could've vouched for. An arrogant juvenile, a stuck up mother, perhaps even the shyness of a young warrior may have tempted HeatherClan's leader. But alas, the correct decision was made.

"I promise to give my life to this Clan, as a deputy should," she heard Featherfalcon announced as she received the nudge of confirmation.

"Good," a spiteful warrior commented, "that means it's far more likely you'll die so someone else can take your place."

Hazelfern could feel those words burn into Featherfalcon's heart, and it hurt her more than it did the confident young cat, it seemed. Though she knew her outgoing stance was a mere facade, it seemed so believable, even with the knowledge she had. She shifted uncomfortably as she recalled the conversation they'd shared a few suns ago, a conversation of worry and deep concern. Hazelfern didn't have many friends, but Featherfalcon was one of them, and as a medicine cat she felt it was her duty to counsel her to the best of her ability. No other cat would.

"I know you will serve my Clan well," Slashstar praised her, beaming at his decision.

She scoffed, turning away. Though Slashstar wasn't young, he was young enough to repulse her with his bouncy attitude and selfish decisions. She recalled the time, a time so long ago her whiskers were still perky, when he'd decided an apprentice could handle leading a dawn patrol.

"What possessed you to do that?!" she questioned him.

His response was a sickening one.

"Why? She's kin, she's got leadership in her blood, Hazelfern," he retorted smugly.

Leadership in her blood, she sneered, but never aloud. *Last time she led something, my herb stock deteriorated.*

"Meeting dismissed!" he announced, residing back into his den almost immediately.

As the Clan dispersed, groups deep in conversation and muffling the few calls of congratulations to Featherfalcon, Hazelfern snapped out of her daze. She found the dappled light against the ground had been replaced with an opaque layer of greyness. Looking up, she saw the clouds had thickened; a sign of rain moving towards her dwelling. Though the thought of pattering against the medicine den walls serenaded her, she knew she'd other plans than to loll in her nest until nightfall. She would've liked to.

"Hazelfern!" Featherfalcon cried, rushing towards her.

The newfound deputy skidded to a halt before her, eyes wide with excitement. Her fur flared, joy pulsing from her being. It almost caught onto her.

"Did you hear? I'm HeatherClan's deputy!" she exclaimed, tail waving happily.

Hazelfern breathed a chuckle. "I heard, yes. Congratulations."

She knew her response was far from elated, her enthusiasm not to the correct standard for her friend. She saw her flinch, perhaps expecting more pride from her. Over-analytic, that's what she deemed her observations as. She flicked her slender tail towards her, which seemed to brighten her expression.

"What will your first movements as deputy be?" she asked playfully, attempting to show an interest.

Featherfalcon thought for a moment. "Oh... I, uh, I don't know. Organise the next patrol I guess. Where do you believe the sun to be?"

"I'd say around sunhigh, a hunting patrol is due to leave soon. You should tend to that," she suggested knowingly, signalling her need to be alone.

Featherfalcon hummed. "I'll ask again, Hazelfern, are you sure it's wise you spend so much time alone?"

She flinched, a little taken aback. A wallflower was deemed introverted, and Hazelfern was just that. A conversationalist was both a dream and a nightmare, for her ears could not cease to listen, but her mouth could cease to move. Her thoughts a haven, her duties could easily be forgotten if she simply locked herself away, and the company of another swayed her attention from that getaway. Featherfalcon was social, she didn't understand the unquenchable need to be alone. She never would understand.

"I'll tell you again, Featherfalcon, I am perfectly happy with my level of interaction. You're the deputy now, focus on that instead of me," she told her coldly, dismissing her.

She dipped her head respectfully. "Alright, if you're sure. I'll see you later."

The younger deputy turned tail and began towards the centre of the clearing, her head swivelling as she searched for cats to call. The keenest lingered around the clearing, it seemed, and it wasn't long until she was approached by an avid hunter. Hazelfern turned away as she engaged in conversation, pondering her next movements. She knew she'd herbs to sort, patients to attend to, but she assumed her apprentice would've aided her.

"Webpaw?" she called, her voice scratchy. "Where are you?"

"Here!" the young cat responded, poking her head around the corner.

"Did you do as I asked?" she quizzed her intimidatingly, and a look of guilt washed over her face.

"I, uh, what was I supposed to do?"

Hazelfern hissed, grunting in frustration. "Webpaw! I knew you weren't listening!"

The small apprentice shied away, gulping as a lump formed in her throat. Hazelfern scowled menacingly at her, relentless with her

reaction.

"I'm sorry, I got distracted. I was taken out to hunt with the others," she explained, attempting to excuse herself.

"Oh, that's okay! Wear the old ones out first why don't you?" she snapped irritably, slumping next to the herb selection.

Webpaw attempted to move closer, but she snapped her tail viciously.

"Just get out, leave me alone."

She dipped her head guiltily, backing away quietly and filling the den with silence at her departure. Hazelfern sighed audibly, defeated and grumpy. She gazed over at the work that should've been completed by her apprentice; a large mess of herbs lay across the large cut in the wall, a sorry sight. She didn't have the mental strength to deal with it, but instead of moping, she knew she'd have to fill her time.

Stretching, Hazelfern gathered herself up and left her den, left the horrendous mess of medicine back where it belonged. She pushed through the brambles guarding the exit of HeatherClan camp, and without a word she disappeared from the social gathering of cats into a world of quiet. Sparrows chirped busily overhead as she wandered, the gentle whistling of a light breeze swirling past her. She felt fragile blades of grass submit to her weary paws as she went, and the appearance of a spiny thistle was enough to darken her mood further. Wincing at the small prickles poking into the pad of her paw, she grunted and directed her attention towards something more useful.

The Moonfield, she thought to herself, ears perking. *The mystical energy there is soothing, my old bones need something to wash away the feeling of uselessness.*

Hazelfern sought out the help of such spiritual connections above all else, heading towards a vast expanse of land tucked away behind a wall of shivering oak trees. With a gentle breeze cascading downwards through their leaves, they disguised the noise of her

paws crinkling deadened leaves as she wandered. As soon as her fur brushed past the bark of a guarding tree, she felt a sense of calm wash over her unexpectedly, a purr rising in her throat. The Moonfield was effortlessly covered by the treetops wilting forward with weakness, creating an ambience of secrecy and serenity as she entered the realm of spirits. StarClan were mere steps away from Hazelfern, the line between life and death a blissful haze in the presence of Moonlight's Embrace. She breathed in the pollen infused air, and was immediately struck with calm.

"It's still so cleansing," she whispered, her tone quiet and breathy as she relaxed.

Flowers of a variety of colours filled the small field with a glowing display of movement, the lights of souls dancing and dappling against the deep colours of oak. Each individual flower held petals of softness enclosing a bud of illuminated pollen, and within each of those lights, Hazelfern liked to believe a spirit lied watching those who visited. She leaned forward and sniffed the nearest flower, its sweet scent filling her senses with meaning. Without Moonlight's Embrace, she was nothing, just a passive cat with a head full of herbs.

"Nothing out of the ordinary, by the looks of things," she muttered to herself as she observed each clump of flowers.

Breathing softly, she nosed her way towards a small patch of land flattened by use, and in a resigned slump she stretched out beside the field, yawning. Her muscles relaxed, her tail lengthening, and she extended a paw towards the closest flower to her position, smiling. She caressed it, nursing it in her paw as though it were a newborn kit. Leaning forward, she nosed the flower, murmuring into it.

"I'll never let this flower die, not until my last breath."

She lowered her gaze, gulping. "You are the way I remember those I've lost, and if I lose you, I lose them."

Hazelfern felt her spine shiver as the fine edges of each yellow petal brushed against her fur, a tingle of loss rippling through her body.

A colour similar to that of the weak morning sun that she so dearly valued represented what she could only recall as the colour of blood trickling from a wound of fierceness, spattered against the ground. When she gazed deeper into the spiritual colour of HeatherClan, the brightness and happiness of deep yellow, she could not feel pride at the sight of her ancestors markings. Echoes of screams still cascaded through her ears, croaking and spluttering raking across her heart. It was those final words of a death so painful that never left her, where blood drenched the land and life faded from eyes once filled with life. Those words, they would never leave her.

She grinned.

Abruptly, Hazelfern was awoken from her daze with the sharp snap of a twig, the shivers along her back ripped away almost immediately. Panic settled in as the sound of leaves brushing away to make room for a figure filled the quiet atmosphere; a cat from SilverClan, perhaps. She grunted, facing the prospect of confrontation sickened her, though the poison on the tip of her tongue was reserved for those circumstances.

"Who's there?" she demanded, rising from her position and stalking towards the trees. "I'll shred the bark from every tree to find you unless you give yourself up!"

A desperate voice greeted her. "Hazelfern, it's me, Featherfalcon!"

The lithe, golden-furred she-cat erupted from the security of shrubbery, staring into her cloudy eyes. From the roundness of her own expression and the alarm in her movements, she could tell she had arrived from the midst of action. Perhaps Slashstar had died, she couldn't say she'd be upset if that was the case.

"Oh Hazelfern, you have to hurry, come quick!"

She rolled her eyes grumpily. "What for, my dear Featherfalcon?"

"Darkpaw's got a berry stuck in her throat, she can't breathe!" she exasperated, clearly far too invested in the ordeal.

Hazelfern grunted, irritated. "How in StarClan's name did she

manage to do that? Can't she just cough it up?"

"No, it's well and truly lodged in her throat. There's no time to explain, she'll die if we stand here any longer!" Featherfalcon cried, grabbing her scruff and pulling her forward.

She winced, hissing. "Get off of me!"

Featherfalcon burst through the trees, burrs clinging to her fur as she picked up speed hastily. Hazelfern retired to a more leisurely stroll, however at the angered stare of her friend she accelerated a little. Serenity left her the moment the flower's mystical energy did not soothe the stress residing in her veins, and in a single jolt she was plummeted back into the pains of reality, this time including an apprentice's misfortunes. Pushing through into camp, Featherfalcon led her towards a small, black she-cat surrounded by a circle of worried and curious cats. She barged past them wordlessly, focusing on Darkpaw.

"Please help her Hazelfern..." murmured Flintpaw, who lingered nervously. She bid him a curt nod.

She turned to study the apprentice, who appeared to have turned a little pale from choking. She stood unsteadily on all paws, rocking side to side as she fought for air she couldn't reach. Hazelfern seized her neck in one paw, and balancing on her hind legs she reached her left paw down Darkpaw's throat, casting a keen stare at what she was to work with. Lodged in her throat lied a rather large berry, and with claws extended she expertly extracted the berry, removing her paw before the apprentice bit her. She recoiled in private disgust and threw the item away, leaving swiftly as cats swarmed to comfort Darkpaw, who gasped profusely.

Hazelfern muttered to herself as she pushed into her den, slumping into her nest and escaping the bundle of voices merging in a symphony of worried questions and speculations. She watched them for a while, intrigued by their unquenchable desire for information on on another, but she soon tired of their chattering. She glanced over towards the herb pile, and to her surprise it had been thoroughly cleaned and tidied. The symmetry pleased her, and she rested her chin on her paws with a small smile across her face.

Maybe Webpaw isn't so useless, she thought to herself.

She faded into the solace of her own mind, the opinions of HeatherClan irrelevant at last. Hazelfern did what she did best, keeping to the shadows.

She was a wallflower.

~If you hadn't already guessed, this chapter was written by Hazel! It's nice to finally get to write in the point of view of my character, I find her a very interesting soul to delve into. I hope you enjoyed this chapter!~

= Chapter 3 =

The breeze whipped through the air, shaking the branches of the large birch trees. They were graceful, dancing in the sunbath that was given to them. The sunlight rayed on their leaves, leaving them hot to the touch and any creature who roamed the forest were going to be dangerously hot due to the loss of rain.

She felt the light bashing down on her fur, and she felt tingles ripple through out her. The ground beneath her, which consisted of rocks and dirt, were burning. She could almost see the steam arising from them, or perhaps she was imagining it, she didn't really know.

Stormflight scurried hurriedly, another SilverClan cat just behind her. The patches of her mottled fur that waved through the wind reminded her of why she became deputy. She was popular among the Clan and was known for the great ability of strategy during quarrels or battles. The boldness and bravery of her also played a part in her popularity.

The other cat, Onyxshard, had been one of her lifelong friends, though she seemed to be the opposite of Stormflight. Onyxshard was calm, reserved, and sometimes she appeared to be the most bland creature alive. Yet Stormflight knew, behind her mask she was beautiful and wise. Like an owl, she wasn't tied down, and she could fly away at any second.

Onyxshard could leave the world, and it would be forgotten to her. It would be a distant memory flowing in the wind, unknown to her alone.

"Stormflight, do you see the flowers? They're wilting, what could be the cause of this disaster?"

At Onyxshard's words, she flung her head to the way the other she-cat was looking at. The flowers, once a beautiful point in SilverClan's territory, seemed to be on the brink of dying. She gulped, and studied them closer. Whirls of beautiful shades of

white, gray, purple, and blue fled together. Stormflight shook her head. *They just need water*, she told herself.

Stormflight continued onward, her mind still stuck on the wilting flowers and what caused them. Her steps grew heavy as she kept her eyes on the flowers, and she noticed one white flower in particular. The petals were bent, and were turning an unnatural gray color. It was almost dead, and fear sliced in her heart.

Moonlight's Embrace.

The flower was the only thing Stormflight cared about as she called Onyxshard over, the horror and fear still in her heart. Onyxshard stood beside her, the she-cat's eyes narrowing as she said, "If the Moonlight's Embrace is starting to wilt, something very wrong could happen, Stormflight,"

"We should look farther on, we can't make an assumption with no evidence. Maybe this one was just crushed by accident, we have no idea," Stormflight offered the idea, the gray she-cat flicked her tail, a sign to the black she-cat beside her to follow her.

She could sense the unbalance of her breathing, and how it grew heavier in her chest with every glance. She was praying to StarClan that Moonlight's Embrace was alright, and that every one would be alright.

When she caught sight of another white flower, she knew she was so deeply wrong about anything being alright.

How could this happen? How could the most powerful existence of nature in our world just die like this? This has never happened before, or no times that I have heard of. Stormflight gulped, her thoughts racing with wonders of what could have happened to the flowers.

"What do we do now? How could the flowers just die like this?" Onyxshard said with horror, her eyes narrowing once again, and Stormflight noted that she was tense in the way she was standing, with her mind retracing back to flowers once again.

If she knew anything, it was that Moonlight's Embrace was magical.

It was a force of nature, and a powerful weapon. If one flower died, it could have thrown off the entire magical cycle, and it would have caused their magic to waver. Once the magic wavered, it could affect all Moonlight Embrace flowers to the point of extinction.

"The dead flower is allowing all the others to die," Onyxshard admitted, spewing out exactly what Stormflight had been thinking.

Stormflight gulped, "We need to hurry back to camp," she said, "or the flowers could die before we even know it." Onyxshard nodded, closing her eyes, before allowing them to flutter back open and starting her legs off.

The run back to SilverClan camp felt like an eternity, especially with the wind slating through ever fiber of her hair on her body. It cut through Stormflight, and it was cold, not like a gentle warm breeze. This one was harsh and almost unbearable to a point. *The death of the flowers must be causing the winds*, she offered to herself, but wasn't quite sure about the thought.

The green-eyed she-cat felt dizzy when they reached the opening of the secluded area, home to the cats of SilverClan. It was *her* home, even if sometimes it felt like it wasn't. It was also Onyxshard's home, which meant they both needed to help it.

This was where SilverClanners resided, and the long-legged she-cat had a deep feeling that if she didn't get help soon, they would lose it.

The two of them ignored the chattering of the other cats about why they were racing through camp, or the reason why Stormflight looked like a dog had attacked her. They only cared about reaching the leader's den, which they did with ease.

The silhouette of their leader was noticeable, he was a strong figure, and always presentable. The dark gray tom turned towards them, he acknowledged them with words, "What is the matter, Stormflight? Ah, you even brought Onyxshard with you."

Stormflight grimaced at his tone but coughed out, "Acestar, Onyxshard and I were out hutning when we stumbled upon a patch

of flowers, they were all of wilted. We studied them until we found one that had us very worried. Moonlight's Embrace is *dying*, I guess you could say." She focused on his expression, awaiting on any reaction, but found no surprise.

Acestar looked disinterested, which tore at her heart. Would he not care? Could he possibly look upon it as pure idiocy?

"Stormflight, Onyxshard," He started, then continued, "Moonlight's Embrace cannot die simply like that. You're thinking too irrationally, nothing that magical could just die like that. I say you're reading way too far into it, you two should go get some sleep," Acestar narrowed his eyes, as if he was challenging his deputy and warrior to stand up to him. Stormflight had the urge to say something, but quickly squished the words down inside. She had no power over her leader, his words were something she was supposed to follow, something she was supposed to obey.

For once in her life, she wanted to crush any sense of responsibility to just let herself free. She wanted to be like Onyxshard, she wanted to be like the owl. The owl was carefree and could be a narcissist. They flew under nobody's rules, and they needed no consent. Owls could fly anywhere, they could touch the sky, and she knew they were bounded by no laws. The birds of the free is what they were, untouched by anything.

Stormflight grunted as she turned around and stomped off, her tail flicking. She could feel Onyxshard behind her, and the presence of her friend was comforting. She knew if Acestar wouldn't listen, she only had one more chance to get any real help. She would have to receive help from their medicine cat, and she knew Ottersplash was her last hope.

Once they were near Ottersplash's den, Stormflight turned to the black she-cat behind her, who was having some trouble balancing with her bob tail. "Onyxshard, I'm going to tell Ottersplash to see if she can help us or if she will even care. If she doesn't, then StarClan help us, we're doomed." She said, and noted Onyxshard's nod, a sign that she was behind her every step of the way.

"Ottersplash?" Stormflight called when they reached the den of the

medicine cat of SilverClan. Ottersplash was a brown she-cat who has beautiful hazel eyes, and she too was one of Stormflight's friends. Though the two weren't the closest, they still had become acquaintances over the moons of being in the same Clan. The green-eyed cat saw the medicine cat turn around the sound of her name, looking slightly confused at why she was being called.

"Hello, what do you want?" Ottersplash commented, her mouth full of herbs. Her words were hard to figure out due to the herbs blocking them, but Stormflight could figure them out. She sighed and stepped more into the den, she allowed Onyxshard to shift in too as she sat down, wrapping her tail around her paws.

Stormflight looked awkwardly around as she gulped, trying to think of ways to say it detailed but not drawn out too long, then she chirped, "Onyxshard and I sent ourselves out hunting today in the forest. We were around the Moonfield, being careful not to disrupt the flowers and birch trees there. Then Onyxshard showed me wilting flowers, and we noticed a wilting Moonlight Embrace,"

She paused when she heard the gasp from Ottersplash, who appeared to have concern residing within her. *She understands*, Stormflight mentioned to herself before beginning again,

"We investigated more, and we noticed more were dying. We came to the conclusion that one died and it affect them all magically, which allowed the magic to waver. You do know what happens after the magic wavers, correct?"

Ottersplash muttered before looking up to meet Stormflight's eyes, "We should look out for more of these, any cases should be reported back to camp. Have you told Acestar?" Ottersplash croaked, and Stormflight nodded.

"We told him, but to no avail. He was not worried for the flowers one bit. As far as he is concerned, we're acting upon non-existent threats to the Clan," She purred, and Ottersplash's eyes grew clouded with worry as she sighed,

"I knew he would act this way, that tom is good for nothing, I swear!" Ottersplash chimed, and breathed out, allowing herself to

regain her composure. "Sadly, once Acestar makes up his mind, there is no changing his decision. I'll help you though, when the medicine cats gather at half-moon, I'll alert the others. Maybe the other Clans will help us, they may even be facing the same thing,"

Stormflight nodded thankfully to her. She knew she could count on Ottersplash to help her and Onyxshard find out what was happening. Finally, Stormflight could help her Clan, and perhaps even save it. She had wanted this for so long, it was almost unbearable. "Thank you so much, Ottersplash. Hopefully we can avoid any chaos," She offered.

After her words, there was only silence, but in it stood a thousand unsaid words. They all understood they were holding the weight of the world on their shoulders, and the fate of SilverClan resided in the three alone. Yet the silence was a beautiful mess of emotions, and a dark undertone of regret from all three. The regret had no reason to be there, but it would always be lurking in their hearts.

Maybe the regret was from them never being able to do this before, or the fact that in saving their Clan, they were betraying them by lying to them in the process.

There is no other way than to lie, She reminded herself.

"Stormflight, we should probably start patrolling near Moonfield regularly. Although Ottersplash is telling the other medicine cats, it is best that we still keep an eye on Moonlight's Embrace," Onyxshard murmured as the two left the den, breaking the silence that had held itself for many moments.

Stormflight nodded at Onyxshard, telling herself that she was right. They did need to start patrolling the area more, but no other cats should know. Only they should, as they were the ones who discovered the trouble and knew Moonfield better than anyone in SilverClan.

"We should keep it to ourselves, anyone else knowing is dangerous and could jeopardize the mission, okay?" Stormflight asked, tilting her head in a gesture to ask if that was alright. She knew Onyxshard would agree, but it was better to ask than assume and command.

Onyxshard's tail begin to flick, and her eyes grew clearer than before as she cooed, "Of course, we can't risk anything while we do this." After her words, the two parted ways, heading in opposite directions.

Finally, Stormflight felt like an owl. No one could control her, and she was her own being of flight. She felt wise, free, and unbreakable.

As she bit down into a piece of prey, she could feel herself soaring into the bright blue sky of wonders.

✿ • ✿ • ✿

I wrote this chapter in a horrid day because I was busy all week, and just finished it. Let me tell you, I don't regret it. Also if you can't tell by now, this chapter was written by Morning. Thanks you guys, and please remember that if I had more time, this chapter probably would have came out better. Yet, I'm still proud of it, and I hope you enjoy!

Also, thanks for 1.1k Yearlets, we here at Century love you guys!

~Morning✨

= Chapter 4 =

Fresh rays of moonlight danced upon the tall grass that gave life to many creatures of the land. A pleasant breeze warmed the air and tickled the grass, swaying and capsizing to every gust.

In the sky, soft streaks of lilac and gold replaced the blue as the sun was readying sleep, sinking into its resting place. The mice all scuffled and gathered in their burrows, along with the pitter-patter of random paws and the flaps of birds; though some are just awakening. To the same 'some', when the sun set, they wake.

A yawn was the first sound of the night, beating the howling owls or the crack of a tree. Such yawn came from an older, green-eyed cat, just waking from a lengthy nap.

The cat poked another one with her tail, who then makes a same sounding yawn. It only made sense, as they are siblings. The older she-cat sat up, and the moonlight is absorbed into her silver and black fur, almost making it appear to glow.

She cleaned her fur with strong, steady licks as her brother just awoken. His dark fur blends into the shade of the night, but his charming hazel eyes, flecked so kindly with pale green and amber, glow as he gazed upon the moon.

A pang of loneliness and regret clung to his heart, pulling it down as he remembered who he was, and what he had. Nothing; and nobody.

"Cricket." The older sibling meows, in a tone that sounded quite unpleasant, as she tried to "un-distract" the young tom. He snapped his head around, looking at her with wide eyes, sprinkled not only with an array colour, but with discomfort.

"Sorry..." He mumbled, glancing to and fro, embarrassment caressing his fur as the wind would. Within a few heartbeats the she-cat's stomach roared, as they had not eaten for quite some time.

"Hungry, Leopard?" Cricket teased lovingly as Leopard glared at him, confusing emotions pooling in her eyes.

"I'm afraid quite so. Let's fetch some prey near the trees." Cricket hesitated, as he had seen on multiple occasions the "Clan" cats walk around there, but thought nothing more of it and followed Leopard.

A satisfying crunch rang in Leopard's ears as she clamped her jaw down upon a fluffy squirrel, silencing it before it could shriek. The fresh, delightful scent of squirrel made Cricket drool slight, as he set his eyes upon the tawny creature.

"That looks - and smells - really good, Leopard," Cricket commented, glancing at his sister. "May I have a part of it?"

"Of course," Leopard nodded, pushing the squirrel towards Cricket. "Just leave some for me."

Cricket sank his teeth into the squirrel, savoring the juicy flesh and sweet scent. He slowly felt his hungry ebbing away and stepped aside to let Leopard finish the rest.

As Leopard ate, Cricket glanced around the spruce forest, his eyes sharp and ears alert. *I hope we don't run into any trouble... That would be bad for us*, he thought, shifting his paws slightly.

Cricket and Leopard were rogues with no parents and only had each other. They constantly live in fear of hunger and danger, and that caused them to move closer to the forest, where no other rogues resided.

The dark brown tom sighed, pushing away his loneliness. Although he had Leopard, he could not help but feel empty, like a part of him was missing. He felt no warmth, no comfort, and most importantly, no love.

When Leopard finished her meal, a soft breeze swept by and tickled Cricket's nose. He stiffened abruptly and tasted the air. Turning to Leopard, he nudged her urgently, trying to get her to move.

"What is wrong with you?" Leopard questioned, batting him away with her paw.

"I smell forest cats. They're coming!" Cricket exclaimed, panicking. "They're probably looking for trouble. We have to leave."

"Too late for that," Leopard hissed, shifting into an aggressive stance.

As if on cue, four forest cats stepped out of the brambles and bushes, revealing themselves. In front was a golden-furred she-cat with green eyes. She looked like she had led this patrol of some sort. Next to the golden she-cat was a brown she-cat with a white underbelly and green eyes. Then, appeared two more cats. One tall, silver tom and a smaller, pure, dark gray she-cat. He looked young.

Leopard and Cricket stood still, Cricket's eyes wide as both full moons that glow during the night. Leopard had her claws extended and her fur standing on end. Truth was, she was scared. But, she wouldn't admit it. Not now.

The golden she-cat was the first to speak, her voice strong and held power. "What are you doing on our territory?" she asked, narrowing her eyes in suspicion. Leopard glanced in the corner of her eye to see Cricket slightly shaking, but she knew that he was trying his best to stay as bold and strong as possible. Leopard turned her gaze back to the golden she-cat, narrowing her eyes as well.

"We are staying here," Leopard growled as if the golden she-cat told them to move away, "no matter what you tell us."

As soon at those words left her mouth, the golden she-cat pounced on Leopard before she could react. Her adrenaline kicked in as she began to kick the enemy above her.

Cricket, who had been attacked by the brown she-cat, grunted in pain at first. He was nervous to be in a situation like this, but the tom knew that winning this battle was important to his sister. The dark brown tom bit his opponent's leg, causing the Warrior to screech. With her grip being loosened Cricket quickly jumped on top of her as he began to scratch her underbelly. *If you want a fight, that's what you'll get*, he thought angrily in his mind. As he and Leopard both continued to tear at their respective enemies, the two other cats of the patrol tried to break them up, but Cricket ignored

them.

On the other side of a fallen tree trunk, a dark colored brown she-cat watched the battle. Herbs were gathered in her mouth, and her brow was furrowed in concentration. Hazelfern watched as the two rogues, who both appeared twenty moons apart, won against a HeatherClan patrol.

The old Medicine Cat bit back a deep chuckle as four of her clanmates backed away and ran back to their home. It was something about the she-cat and tom standing a few fox-tails away that made her quickly run back after them as well.

In HeatherClan camp there was chaos all round about the patrol that came back battered and bruised. Hazelfern rolled her eyes at the commotion and continued to walk towards Slashstar's den.

It was a small but still complex structure. It was built out of stones wide enough to swallow an apprentice whole and the opening to the den was covered in moss used for their bedding. As the brown she-cat entered the building she took note of the way Slashstar's body was hunched over. "Slashstar, are you alright?" She asked but didn't really care. Hazelfern wanted to get this done quickly.

The large black tom before her turned around to face her, and his piercing blue eyes held sadness in them. His voice came out rough as he spoke, "HeatherClan has grown weak. It is like our once magic presence is gone, and to survive these next seasons we will need warriors, but there are none! Our Clan will die without more help."

Hazelfern almost felt as if fate slapped her in the face. She smirked without any trace of doubt as she whispered into the den of darkness, "Our patrol was just beaten by two rogues. I think the rogues are related somehow, but they fought better than most Clan cats. Two of them beat four of us, don't you think we could recruit them? It would mean saving HeatherClan and giving them a purpose rather than sitting alone all day."

HeatherClan's leader perked up at her words, " Are you saying we can recruit rogues as new warriors? You're brilliant! Now bring me to them." Slashstar spoke so quickly and with so much excitement

the Medicine Cat before him almost got lost, but she understood either way and quickly nodded to her leader. With that, their journey began.

Along the way, Hazelfern began to explain who exactly the rogues beat and how they did just that. "The patrol was made of Featherfalcon, Ospreywings, Cedarwing, and Darkpaw. At first, it was just Featherfalcon commanding them to leave our territory but when they refused, the battle started," She explained and continued when Slashstar's head nodded for her to, "The two rogues won quickly and cleanly. They deserve to be in HeatherClan, but I doubt Featherfalcon will enjoy it very much. She is your deputy after all." As the large tom next to her rolled his eyes, she felt as if this could work. The two rogues would bring something new to HeatherClan.

Leopard, who was trying to lick her younger brother's fur clean, grunted when he moved. "Will you settle down? I'm trying to clean the blood from your fur!" She could tell that her voice sounded annoyed, and she glad that it did, it showed what she meant. Cricket narrowed his eyes to his sister, a sign for her to be quiet, and so she did.

The younger brown tom growled loudly, "Who's there? If you're that patrol from earlier I swear we'll kill you this time!" Silence at first greeted his threat, that was until the leaves underneath Slashstar's paws crunched as he walked.

When the two nonwarriors faced the Medicine Cat and Leader, there was anger present on both of their faces. "What do you Clan cats want?" Leopard questioned with venom in her voice.

Slashstar stepped forward as Cricket did too, and both toms faced each other. While resentment was in the latter's eye, the fascination was in the former's.

"Calm down, feisty. I am Hazelfern of HeatherClan and this is Slashstar. Today I witnessed your quarrel against two of our warriors, our deputy, and an apprentice." Hazelfern started as she crossed to stand in front of both of them. The brown she-cat put her tail over the silver-and-black dappled she-cat's chest to calm her down. "What are your names?"

"I'm Cricket and that's Leopard," Cricket replied quickly, not looking at his sister.

"Ah, that's wonderful!" Slashstar chirped up, "HeatherClan needs new warriors. Our Clan runs off magic, but lately, the presence of it has been warming off. We need more warriors in order to survive, and after what Hazelfern saw today, we thought that we would ask you to be our new warriors."

At first, the two siblings did not speak, but simply glanced at either. At what appeared to be a conversation through their eyes, the brown tom named Cricket spoke, "What's in it for us?"

Hazelfern nodded at their question. She thought of what to say before Slashstar could. They needed to draw these rogues in by using what was appealing to them. "Food and shelter, both necessary resources to live." She replied to Cricket.

"Deal," Leopard spoke this time, her voice now loud and clear without any anger or resentment present.

"Yes!" Slashstar cheered then realize he needed to do something. If he gave them warrior names before they introduced them to the Clan it would make them look more trustworthy. "From now on you'll be known as Leopardstrike and Cricketleg. You two will be proud warriors of HeatherClan, that much I promise."

The newly named Leopardstrike and Cricketleg smiled at each other, both finally glad to have a place to call home.

✿ • ✿ • ✿

The first 800 words or so were actually written by Heather when she was here, but I wrote the rest. I actually like this chapter. Anyway I hope you enjoy!

Morning⚝

= Chapter 5 =

"Ugh!" Leafpaw yowled, shaking her pelt as she pulled herself off the ground. "No fair! You can't throw me off!"

Mistypaw purred, blue eyes focused on her opponent. "We didn't establish any rules. I think that was completely fair. Besides, there's no 'fair' in a real battle."

Swiftfeather watched as the two apprentices bickered a bit longer before continuing their training, amusement clear in her eyes. "Do all apprentices do that?" She asked, turning to look at Skyfrost and Morninglily.

The three she-cats had all decided to watch Leafpaw and Mistypaw train. Currently, the apprentices were practicing their battle skills and, much to Morninglily's disappointment, Leafpaw appeared to be losing.

"Bicker like that?" Skyfrost questioned in return, flicking an ear. "I suppose so. They mature over time, though. It's nothing to worry about."

Morninglily nodded, purring slightly in amusement. "I'm sure you did it as an apprentice, too, Swiftfeather. Don't act as if it's something you've never seen happen before."

Swiftfeather sighed. "Yes, you're right. I was just wondering about what it would be like to have an apprentice. You both know what it can be like, but I've never experienced it. You two are so lucky."

Skyfrost shrugged. "It's not like I have an apprentice right now."

Swiftfeather flicked her tail, looking back towards the apprentice's battle practice. "Yeah, but you're deputy. You've had apprentice before."

"True," Skyfrost noted. "Maybe you'll get an apprentice next time."

Before Swiftfeather could answer, Morninglily stood up and padded over to Mistypaw and Leafpaw. Mistypaw had managed to beat Leafpaw - which didn't surprise Swiftfeather, as she had predicted the win from the beginning - and Morninglily was going to end the battle.

"That's enough for now," She meowed. "Leafpaw, you can go hunt for the elders to make up for your loss. Mistypaw, you can go back to camp."

Leafpaw flattened her ears, but sighed. "Okay, Morninglily," With that, she padded off under the protection of the oak trees above.

Mistypaw also did as the warrior had told her. "Alright," She chirped before running happily back to camp, only turning back to yell out. "Thank you!"

Skyfrost purred at this, walking over to Morninglily with Swiftfeather trailing behind. "You're a good mentor, Morninglily."

The she-cat turned back to the other two, flicking an ear. "It's really simple, actually. There isn't much difficulty as long as you can learn to get along with your apprentice."

Swiftfeather sighed, flicking her tail in slight annoyance. "Having an apprentice seems like a lot of fun..." She trailed off, shaking her head. "Do you two want to go hunting? I don't know what else to do today."

Skyfrost nodded. "That sounds like a good idea. Let's go near the Moonfield. Patrols are going on, so prey might be harder to catch in other places, but I don't think anyone will be over there."

"Alright," Morninglily yawned. "Let's get back before dusk, though. I don't want anyone to worry about us if we're gone too long."

"Okay, that sounds reasonable," Swiftfeather agreed. "Let's get going."

The three she-cats made their way to the Moonfield under the shade of the oak trees above. Barely any sunlight made it through the leaves, making the ground under Swiftfeather's paws colder than

usual. It didn't worry Swiftfeather, though. The thought of hunting excited her. She couldn't wait to catch something.

As they neared the Moonfield, Swiftfeather suddenly scented a thrush. She let her eyes wander to where it was. The small bird was sitting in the grass, head low. It appeared it had found something to eat, but so had the she-cat that had spotted it.

Skyfrost noticed Swiftfeather's actions and purred. "Go get it," She meowed. "Me and Morninglily will go find something else."

Swiftfeather briefly nodded before crouching down and slowly padding towards the thrush. The bird then spotted her, crying out, and beginning to take flight. But, sadly for the thrush, Swiftfeather was much too close to let it escape.

The warrior pounced, letting her claws hook into its wings as she pulled it down. Once she had it pinned, she gave it a quick bite to the throat, quickly ending its life. Swiftfeather picked it up in her jaws, satisfied with the catch.

And then, she let her eyes wander again only to quickly be filled with dread. She walked towards what she had seen, fur bristling when she realized it was exactly what she thought it was.

There in the grass was a Moonlight's Embrace, one of the sacred flowers of the Clan's, and it was dead.

Swiftfeather placed her catch on the ground, eyes widening. "Skyfrost!" She shouted. "Morninglily!"

It took only a few moments and her friends had heard her call and were making their way to her. "What is it?" Morninglily asked, concern obvious in her tone. "What's wrong?"

Swiftfeather looked down at the flower, her friends following her gaze. "It's dead... How could a Moonlight's Embrace just die?"

Skyfrost stared at it for a moment, observing the flower. "All the grass around it, too. It's dead and wilted."

"This is bad..." Morninglily whispered, her claws digging into the

dirt below her. "The Moonlight's Embrace can't just die... How will the Clans survive?"

"Okay, well," Swiftfeather started. "Be positive! It's only one. I'm sure all the other flowers are fine!"

Morninglily nodded. "Right... But I think we should go check. If something's wrong with them, we need to know."

"Alright," Skyfrost agreed. "Let's go look for more. If it's just one that's dead, it shouldn't be a problem. However, if there are more dead ones..." She trailed off, not wanting to begin with the possibilities.

Swiftfeather picked up her thrush and took a few steps away from the flower, tail held high - along with her hopes. "Yes, and then we'll see that this is just one that happened to die. All the other Moonlight's Embraces are fine. Nothing has bothered them."

"I sure hope so..." Morninglily murmured.

The three she-cats continued along into the center of the Moonfield. And that was when their hopes died. Many flowers - beautiful things that had once been so filled with life - were laying in dirt. The color had been drained from their once vibrant petals and it was clear that they were dead. The grass and other plants around them were in the same state.

"Oh no..." Skyfrost whispered.

The other two were in shock, eyes widened and ears flattened. Swiftfeather shook out her pelt, trying to regain a calm aura. "We need to tell Blazingstar or Willowfeather," She said. "This is really bad."

Nodding, the other two cats turned to their friend. "Yes," Skyfrost muttered. Her voice was full of sadness. "That would be the wise thing to do."

Swiftfeather didn't wait for the other two to indicate that they would follow her this time, she just ran towards the direction of ShadedClan camp.

"Swiftfeather!" She heard Morninglily shout behind her. "Wait for us!"

The white-and-black she-cat slowed down, turning back towards them. "I-I'm sorry!" She yelled back. "I'm just so worried..."

As Skyfrost and Morninglily caught up to her, Swiftfeather heard a voice call out behind her. "Swiftfeather?

The warrior spun around, watching as another patrol of three padded up to them. Ravenshadow, Grasswing, and Cherrylight approached them, confusion spread across their expressions.

"What's the matter?" Ravenshadow asked, concerned. "Has something happened?"

"The Moonlight's Embrace," Morninglily started. "We found a large amount of them dead. It's rather troublesome."

Ravenshadow glanced back at Grasswing and Cherrylight. "Both of you," She instructed. "Continue on with the patrol. I'll discuss this for now."

The two warriors nodded, although exchanging a brief look of concern, and continued on.

Ravenshadow sighed as they padded out of view. "I saw many dead Moonlight's Embraces along the border, too. I doubt this could be good for any cat."

Skyfrost's fur bristled. "Yes, this is bad. Moonlight's Embraces dying so suddenly..."

"Let's get back to camp," Swiftfeather said. "I see no reason to further prolong our patrol."

The other three she-cat's nodded in agreement, following behind her as Swiftfeather padded in the direction of the camp. This time, the shade of the oak trees seemed menacing and evil. It sent a shiver up Swiftfeather's spine, but she kept walking along.

They entered the camp in silence, but their worry and anxiety was

so heavy in the atmosphere that a few cats stared over at them in alarm. Skyfrost looked around for a few seconds, blue eyes desperately searching for something she couldn't locate. With a sigh, she then called out. "Where's Blazingstar?"

Hollymask, who was eating a mouse somewhat near the fresh-kill pile, flicked an ear. "He's in his den," She said, obviously uninterested. "Or at least I think so. If he's not, go ask someone else."

Skyfrost dipped her head in quick thanks and padded along to the leader's den, the other three she-cats in tow. Swiftfeather was a bit behind, having stopped to place her thrush on the fresh-kill pile, but she followed along.

"Blazingstar!" Skyfrost meowed when they scrambled into the den. "We've come across something horrible. The Moonlight's Embraces are dying. We found so many that were dead, killing the plants around them, too. We need to find a way to fix this."

Blazingstar had been sitting in his nest, but now stood up, dark amber eyes wide in surprise at his deputy's sudden outburst. "The Moonlight's Embrace...?" He asked, trailing off as he tried to process the information. "They're all dying?"

Swiftfeather nodded, stepping forward. "We were hunting and found one that had died. We passed it off as nothing at first, but then found more. Ravenshadow also said she found many that had deceased along the borders."

Blazingstar's ginger fur bristled, but he shook it out. "I'm sure it will fine. StarClan would not let them die without clear purpose. If they will die out, I believe it'll be for the best. Don't think about it too much. Everything will turn out okay."

All four of them stared at their leader in slight shock. *The Moonlight's Embrace is* dying! Swiftfeather thought. *How dare he say it'll be okay?*

However, Morninglily nodded. "Yes, you're right. It'll be fine. Let's go now. I'm sure we can find something else to do besides bother

our leader with troubling information." And with that, she padded out of the den.

Swiftfeather stared after her, her mind whirling because of the disturbance of it all. The Moonlight's Embrace was dying - truly dying - and they were passing it off as okay. But, she sighed, flattening her ears. "Yes, I guess it'll be okay."

She padded out of the den, Skyfrost and Ravenshadow trailing behind her once again. She turned back to them once they were far enough away, a concerned look blazing in her eye. "We need to tell Willowfeather, too. I'm sure she'll at least see something wrong with this!"

Ravenshadow gave a slow nod. "Yes, of course... But what if she says the same thing?"

Swiftfeather dug her claws into the dirt to let out some frustration. "She won't."

Before Skyfrost or Ravenshadow could protest, Swiftfeather padded into the medicine cat den, her head held high. "Willowfeather?" She asked. "Are you in here?"

"Yes!" A cheerful voice shouted. "I'm in the back."

Swiftfeather came over to her, sitting down besides the medicine cat. "While Morninglily, Skyfrost, and I were out hunting, we found something terrible. A Moonlight's Embrace was dead. We looked around just in case it was something bad and we found so many more. I'm worried about it. Has StarClan said anything to you about this?"

Willowfeather looked shocked from the news. She sighed, shaking her head. "I haven't heard anything about this, but I am sure StarClan is trying to give the Clans a message. I'll be sure to bring it up with the other medicine cats next half-moon. This is... This is very troubling, after all."

Swiftfeather dipped her head in respect, meowing out. "Yes, it is. Thank you, Willowfeather."

The medicine cat flicked her tail. "No need to thank me. Thank you for telling me this. It's obviously not a good thing."

"I'll be going now," Swiftfeather said. "I hope you figure out what's wrong."

"Me, too," Willowfeather replied. "Good bye."

Swiftfeather padded out of the den, going over to Morninglily, Skyfrost, and Ravenshadow, who had joined up as a group to talk again.

"What did Willowfeather say?" Skyfrost asked. "Does she know what's wrong?"

"No," Swiftfeather answered with a sigh. "But she said she'll discuss it with the other medicine cats next half-moon."

Ravenshadow sighed, too, shaking her head. "This isn't good, but I hope StarClan shares something with her."

"Yes, I hope so, as well," Skyfrost meowed.

"I'm sure everyone does," Morninglily said. "The Moonlight's Embraces are the keep our territories alive. It'd be terrible if they were to die out."

"Well, until they ever do die, we need to watch out for them," Swiftfeather declared. "We need to make sure nothing happens to them under our watch."

Ravenshadow looked over at her, purring in agreement. "That sounds like a plan, Swiftfeather. We'll watch over them until our last breath."

"Until our last breath," Both Morninglily and Skyfrost echoed, then shared a quiet chuckle at their own unison.

"I hope it doesn't lead to our last breath, but yes. Surely, nothing can go wrong if we're watching over them," Swiftfeather said. "They'll stay safe."

She tried to think of the positive. Of a future with new, bright and blooming Moonlight's Embraces, but a voice inside her head crawled up on her and whispered. *But what if they don't?*

Swiftfeather shook her head, trying to drown out the negative. "We'll take care of them forever," She decided. "Until our last breath."

☆ • ☆ • ☆ • ☆ • ☆

This was written by Zephyr! Admittedly, I had to rush a bit, but I do believe I am satisfied with the result. Anyways, I hope you all enjoy Chapter Five! It was a pleasure to write and I'm glad more of CoT is being written.

Enjoy, wonderful Yearlets!

= Chapter 6 =

Ottersplash watched the moon through half - lidded eyes.

Her tail flicked, and her whiskers twitched. Ottersplash was anxious. Waiting had never been something that the molly was fond of.

And due to current events, she found she was on edge anyway.

Her paws were shaky, her world seemed hazy.

Moonlight's Embrace was *dying*.

Ottersplash didn't know what to do. Her Clan, SilverClan, couldn't survive without the white flowers. If they died.. well, it would have to be an omen. SilverClan would have to split and join the other Clans.

The concept alone made nausea writhe inside her stomach, bursting at her seams.

She could feel it, too. The energy inside the soil drifted like golden orbs through her veins, sustaining her. She could feel it ebb, she felt her spirit and energy decline.

Ottersplash closed her eyes. She didn't like to be here with all of these thoughts. These days she tried to throw herself into her work, to avoid dwelling on the fact that StarClan might not want SilverClan there.

The thought filled her with an agony that she couldn't place a claw upon. It was more panicky than a burn, more raging than a gash. The agony was incomparable, it was unrelenting and wild.

That was if she let herself succumb to it.

And Ottersplash could distract herself with mannerisms and medicine duties. But it was times like these when she could do no

such thing.

Her hazel eyes darted warily, and her purr was one of deep anxiety. The brown she-cat didn't know what to do with herself.

Willowfeather, the ShadedClan medicine cat trotted over; she had been searching for Hazelfern. The long - furred molly gave a rueful sigh.
"She's very late. I hope she's alright!"

Her blue eyes blinked in concern.
"Is everything alright, Ottersplash?"

Ottersplash was tempted to blurt her troubles out to the kind medicine cat, after all, it would be the logical thing to do. She had promised Stormflight after all. But she needed both medicine cats to be there.

"I'm worried about Hazelfern, that's all," Ottersplash replied, her fluffy brown coat buffeting slightly in the breeze.

Willowfeather's expression was one of sympathy, while Ottersplash's unease grew deeper. These feelings were unusual and unwelcome to the usually enthusiastic feline; she wished she could forget and erase time to simpler days. Says where she didn't fear the possible inevitably that SilverClan were disposable.

Willowfeather mumbled something, Ottersplash turned to listen. Whatever she said must've been of little importance, Ottersplash allowed herself to become distracted by the she-cat's clouded eye. She was blind in her left eye, and for some reason, it fascinated Ottersplash.

Dedicated to medicine, she wondered if there was a cure for blindness, or what caused it.

Her time for pondering was broken by the frantic breaths and hurried footsteps of a young apprentice.

Ottersplash turned and looked at the apprentice with interest. Webpaw! The HeatherClan medicine cats were finally here!

But casting her gaze around the Moonfields, she saw no sign of the older medicine cat.

"Webpaw? Where's Hazelfern?" Willowfeather called, her gaze wavering with disquiet.

Webpaw stopped as she reached them.

"She's just... caring for a sick Clanmate... didn't want to leave them.." The apprentice meowed, her voice interrupted by pants.

Ottersplash nodded, the knot of worry that constricted her loosened slightly.

"Alright, let's go." She said. The other two followed obediently, the silence between them weighing heavy.

Webpaw, ever the choleric, broke this silence, speaking of the health of her Clan.

"HeatherClan are in fair health. Darkpaw got a berry caught in her throat recently, but Hazelfern got it out." Webpaw's voice had a bitter sound, perhaps she and Hazelfern had argued? Hazelfern was a spectacular medicine cat, but a complicated one; she was difficult to work with.

Ottersplash gave voice to her Clan's health, while Willowfern gave a noise of commiseration at Darkpaw's misfortune.

"SilverClan have been well. I have nothing of importance to report." Her voice was monotonous; Ottersplash could never hide her emotions well.

Anxiety tasted like molten rosebuds in her mouth. She knew she must inform the other medicine cats of the Moonlight's Embrace's apparent demise, but yet she couldn't bring herself to do it.

"ShadedClan too, are in good health. A few colds here and there, common lethargy.. nothing serious." Willowfeather's voice was light.

Interest spiked inside Ottersplash, she gave a light purr.

"Still no cure for the cold?"

"Nope!" Willowfeather said merrily. The lack of a cure for such a simple sickness was treated as almost a joke to the medicine cats.

"Hazelfern tried coltsfoot, ragweed and mallow leaves recently, but to no avail." Webpaw piped up.

The three compared remedies for a short while until a separate topic of conservation was introduced.

"Listen.. I have something important to say. I'm very worried, and almost ashamed. There's no skirting around the topic, I'll cut to the chase. SilverClan's Moonlight's Embrace is dying. Stormflight and Onxyshard found it and I.. well, Acestar isn't worried of course, but I'm terrified that this is StarClan's way of saying that they don't want SilverClan around anymore." Ottersplash said in a rush, remembering her promise. The moment she unleashed her words to the wind, relief cavorted inside her chest. Why had she been so apprehensive to tell? She trusted her fellow medicine cats.

She noticed the other two were staring at her in shock.

"Moonlight's Embrace is dying in HeatherClan too!" Webpaw burst out.

"Same in ShadedClan." Willowfeather said gravely. "I was about to bring it up to you all, I know it's some message from StarClan, but I couldn't for the life of me work out what." She told them.

"We need to visit StarClan, right now!" Ottersplash said firmly.

They hunted around for Moonlight's Embrace, ones that were alive and thriving. As soon as all three medicine cats had collected a flower each, they lay down together and bit into the flowers.

The sweet taste of tender starlight exploded into Ottersplash's expectant mouth, as silvery light pressed against the edges of her vision, welcoming her to their divinity.

And she allowed herself to succumb to it.

When she opened her eyes, silvery substance as light as feathers melted away, leaving her vision to glitter.

She was shocked to discover the grey, long furred molly beside her, her familiarity was odd.

"Willowfeather? We're sharing a dream?"

"Not just us. Webpaw is here too." She meowed in a puzzled tone, gesturing to the apprentice beside her.

Ottersplash felt confusion bubble at the back of her throat. It wasn't bubbling like a melodic spring, not like a songbird's call.

Instead, it frothed in waves of nausea, staining and burning her skin. It tasted like mouse bile, this feeling of foreboding.

And she was right.

A cat of magnificence, of wanderlust and desolation, stood before her. Her eyes were light green, and didn't match the monsters that battled inside. She left a trail of glory that lay cold and callous.

"I am Heatherstar." Her voice rumbled. "These are my companions."

Two cats stepped out from behind her, one as youthful as the grass and one as youthful as the sky.

And oh, Heatherstar was as aged as the stars themselves. After all, they did cling to her like cobwebs; like blood to bone.

The one who reeked of atmospheric sunlight, the one who was a mere kit began to speak. His pelt as grey as ash, his eyes blue.

"My name is Scorchkit. I, like Heatherstar and Auburnrose, was once a HeatherClan resident."

The cat with the fire eyes, with a cream-coloured pelt, began to speak.

"I am Auburnrose. Introductions aside, you all know you're here for a reason. To share the same dream is always a signal that something

of great importance will be shared. Perhaps something spine - shattering, or something conjured by glory itself. Either way, medicine cats, brace yourselves for the upcoming storm."

Ottersplash nodded. She noticed Webpaw in her peripheral vision, doing the same. However, she didn't fully understand. What was all this about fragmented spines and glory? Did it matter? She wanted answers to the death of Moonlight's Embrace, not the words of a seemingly addled molly.

"There is danger lurking, obscure and atrous. It threatens to bind the free, and release the bound. To break everything that we are and destroy everything we will be. Bonds will be tested in this time of demise." Heatherstar's took over. Her words were grave and rounded with hopelessness.

Auburnrose began to speak once more, her voice high pitched. "Time is a strange concept. Do we tell it by the number of times the moon has risen and dipped? Or do we tell it by how many times we have laughed? Or how many lines have become etched upon our faces? It is a concept that merely exists, one for speculation. But time is running out. We have little left. It is forever running, and we are forever chasing. Time is not physical. We cannot shape it nor adapt it. We cannot alter it no matter how much we want to. And time doesn't last forever. Not ours. If we do not act soon..." She paused to take in a breath, perhaps even for dramatic effect.

"If we do not act soon, then there will be no Clans to gaze upon the moon as it rises. There will be no one around to laugh, no lines upon our faces. Do you want to know why? It's because we'll all be dead. Every single Clan cat will drop. Like flies."

Ottersplash's heart stopped.

It didn't slow to a comfortable halt, but rather a hasty one. It felt like something had burst out of her chest, like a thousand claws.

"Dead?" Webpaw inquired, harsh misunderstanding chafing with the desolate air.

Ottersplash's mind was screaming. The claws dragged their ragged

edges across her chest and down her throat. It sliced her and she reaped. The blood tasted like cool abasement and carmine delight.

Scorchkit spoke next, his words sleet upon frostbite.

"All the Clans must come to a decision. You must either leave the territory and seek a new home, or stay and face your destined demise."

The odd wisdom in his kit-like voice was calming against their crooked edges. But his tasteless words frayed their strings.

Ottersplash felt Willowfeather's gaze sliding over to her, and she met those troubled eyes with her own.

Webpaw stood terrified.

Minds were reeling and fear painted the sky alight. Beating hearts met convulsions and the slain raised their nacarat heads. Astringent tastes burnt in acidic words; trust seeped away into the sound.

"If you choose to seek a new home and leave the forest, then you must take one of each colour of Moonlight's Embrace. You must try to repopulate the flowers so that we will hum with energy and live once more." Auburnrose's words were faded, muted, offbeat.

Asymmetry danced with the energy that was drying out. Live wires ready to burn out. And infernal ticking.

The Clans were going to go through a hard time indeed.

When they awoke, horror glittered fresh on their tongues and hung from their eyes like simplified hypnosis.

In a daze they walked, not a sound uttered to break the departure. Silence greeted numbness as the stars collided in their minds. The world had met its untimely end, yet everyone was still alive.

Fear had long since fizzled into sacrificial agony.

Not speaking was easier than surrendering because they all knew that once they spoke, they'd never stop. Their words would spill like

foam from their lungs. They'd choke on emotion and the bitterness of it all. And no one voiced their anxieties because to do so would equal confirmation.

Why did they have to leave ? What if they chose to stay ? Why was StarClan doing this ? Were they really condemned ? What was the truth and why did everything ache ?

Three medicine cats.
Walking with devastation lodged in their chests.
Bad news on the brain, nostalgia on the mind.
Anxiety in the chest and pure terror in the stomach.

"And we'll learn to like our bones."

«- ♚ -»

This was written by Blackbird ! I'm somewhat dissatisfied with it , but hopefully you found it alright ! There ' s probably some terrible typos and grammar mistakes, my editing skills (or lack thereof !) are worrying .

Have a wonderful day , Y earlets !

= Chapter 7 =

Cricketleg had been slowly adjusting to Clan life. The ways of the code and how everyone hunted, fought and protected each other for no other reason but because they were part of the Clan *together* fascinated Cricketleg. It was an interesting way of life he would have never thought of living.

Looking around the camp, Cricketleg noticed Webpaw padding through the entrance. She seemed unsettled and anxious, glancing around for a second before darting off into the medicine cat den.

What was she so flustered about? Cricketleg wondered, staring at den momentarily before shrugging it off. *Don't worry about it, Cricketleg.* He reminded himself. *She's probably just concerned over the herb stock or something. Medicine cat stuff.*

Shaking his head, he padded over to Leopardstrike, who had been talking to Foxspark. She appeared rather annoyed, seeming to have grown tired of the tom's overly cheerful attitude.

Before he could meow a 'hello' to his sister, the medicine cat den caught his eye once again. Hazelfern, Featherfalcon, and Webpaw made their way out, talking about something that appeared to be important. He had not meant to eavesdrop on their conversation, but Cricketleg could clearly hear Webpaw as she went along.

"We have to go see it," the grey she-cat said. "It doesn't seem like it'll last much longer."

"But the Moonlight's Embrace can't die!" Featherfalcon insisted, flattening her ears at the thought. "StarClan wouldn't do that to us..."

Cricketleg couldn't hear the response as they padded out of the camp, but his curiosity was triggered in the process. *The Moonlight's Embrace?* He asked himself. *What in StarClan could that possibly be?*

He turned back to Leopardstrike, giving Foxspark an apologetic look. "I'm sorry," Cricketleg meowed. "Could I speak to my sister for a moment?"

"Oh! Of course," Foxspark responded with a purr. "That's completely fine."

Cricketleg nodded, padding a few tail-lengths away from the other tom. Leopardstrike trailed after him, a confused look on her face. "What'd you pull me away for?" She asked.

"I just saw the deputy and both medicine cats going out of camp," Cricketleg confessed, not being able to hold in his curiosity. "They seemed to be talking about something important. Something to do with StarClan. Don't you want to go see what they're doing?"

Leopardstrike shrugged. "StarClan is their business, though. We haven't even been in the Clan long. We shouldn't stalk them to find out more. I'm sure they would tell *everyone* if something was really wrong."

Not wanting to give up that easily, Cricketleg lowered his voice. "But if we go follow them, you could get away from Foxspark."

Leopardstrike's green eyes widened and her whiskers twitched with interest. "Never mind, I'll go with you." She decided in a heartbeat.

Cricketleg nodded. "I thought that would be what you wanted."

"Let's just get going," Leopardstrike muttered, eager to get as far away from the tom as possible.

The two padded back over to Foxspark. Cricketleg gave the tom a friendly dip of his head. "We're going hunting alone. If anyone needs us, please tell them."

Foxspark nodded and faced Leopardstrike. "It was nice talking to you!Hope I'll see you later!"

Leopardstrike dipped her head in return, turning away from the tom, with Cricketleg not too far behind. The siblings made their way out of camp, following the deputy's and medicine cats' scent

trail without difficulty.

Soon enough, they were able to see the three cats. Leopardstrike glanced at her brother when they were first in sight, clearly uncertain. "Should we go say something...?"

Cricketleg shook his head. "No, they don't know I heard them. We shouldn't say anything unless they notice us first."

Leopardstrike nodded slowly, not appearing to like her brother's response. "All right... I don't like eavesdropping on them, however."

Cricketleg sighed, giving his sister a soft nudge. "But don't you want to see what they're doing? It sounds important."

"It's like I told you, Cricketleg. If it was important to everyone, they would tell everyone. I don't think we should interfere." Leopardstrike replied, casually licking a paw.

Cricketleg ignored her response, quickening his pace. Leopardstrike narrowed her eyes, but followed closely.

The two siblings kept to the shadows, making sure that the deputy and medicine cats wouldn't be able to notice them. They continued walking until they saw a huge field of flowers. The three cats moved spots, padding through the field and passing most of the flowers.

Cricketleg watched them, his steps becoming slower, but quick enough to keep up. "Is this the Moonlight's Embrace...?" He wondered.

Leopardstrike shrugged, staring at him. "Maybe... I wouldn't jump to any conclusions, though."

Suddenly, Featherfalcon spoke up, silencing the two. "This side of the field is fine. Is it the other side that isn't doing well?"

Cricketleg couldn't hear the response as they kept padding away. "They're going to the other side, then," Leopardstrike said, watching as they left. "Why? It's just a normal field of flowers..."

"Well, obviously it's important to them for some reason," Cricketleg replied. "Come on."

The two siblings ducked down, trying to keep up with the group. Cricketleg didn't look back up until Leopardstrike stopped. He looked at her, confusion racing through his mind. "Leopardstrike?"

His sister looked back down at him, her green eyes wide. "You said the flower might've been the Moonlight's Embrace?"

Cricketleg nodded slowly, unsure of what his sister was trying to point out. Leopardstrike spoke, flattening her ears. "Well... They certainly are dying out fast, if that's the case."

Upon hearing her words, Cricketleg stood up, gazing over the field. Countless dead flowers stained the field and around the wilted plants, the grass and other plants were reduced to wilt. The sight before him sent dread into his heart.

The medicine cats and deputy also seemed to be distressed. They spoke quickly, fur ruffled. Seemingly obvious, the field of flowers before Cricketleg had to be the Moonlight's Embrace - and it certainly wasn't supposed to die.

"This isn't good," Cricketleg muttered, flattening his ears. "The Moonlight's Embrace - whatever it really is - must be important. This isn't supposed to happen. We... We have to protect it somehow!"

Leopardstrike nodded slowly. "Yes, but how? We can't keep a plant from dying out... How can we do anything? This isn't good, but I don't see how we can stop it."

Before Cricketleg could answer, a shout cut him off. "Who's there? Come out at once! How dare you follow us?"

Sharing a look of concern, the two siblings stood frozen. Cricketleg sighed, standing up and padded over to the other three cats. Leopardstrike followed behind him.

"I apologize for following you," Cricketleg started, dipping his head. "I overheard you talking about the Moonlight's Embrace and it

seemed interesting." He glanced around at the dying flowers. "I-Is this it? Is it supposed to be dying out like this?"

Hazelfern stared at the two siblings for a moment, shaking her head. "No, this has never happened before. It's supposed to stay alive and provide our territories with nourishment and keep our connection with StarClan healthy."

Leopardstrike flattened her ears. "Then if it's dying... The territories won't last long, will they? And we won't be able to communicate with StarClan."

"Yes, that's why them dying in a large scale like this is worrying," Hazelfern said. "From what I know, there isn't a way to bring them back and StarClan has been clear with their message for us. If we stay here, we die, but we have no other home or territory. This is not a good time for the Clans..."

"Are they all going to die out, then?" Cricketleg questioned.

"StarClan hasn't said anything about that, but it appears so," Hazelfern answered.

"We'll have to leave in the end," Featherfalcon spoke up. "But as Hazelfern said, we don't have another territory. Who knows what would happen if we tried to find another one? It would be a dangerous journey."

"Don't worry," Leopardstrike assured. "If StarClan told us we must leave, then I'm sure a place awaits us. I haven't been here long, but... Have faith in them. They wouldn't kill us off like this."

Hazelfern stared at her, confused but interested. "You are bold for a cat who hasn't stayed here long, but yes. You're right. We must have faith in StarClan."

Cricketleg nodded alongside his sister. "We will find another territory. I promise you. We'll both do our best to support this Clan until we do."

"We won't ever let you down," Leopardstrike added confidently.

Hazelfern flicked her tail, her interest having peaked. "I'm sure you won't. This Clan is lucky to have you."

"Thank you," Cricketleg dipped his head in respect to the medicine cat. "We will ensure nothing bad happens to this Clan. Not on our watch."

Leopardstrike looked at her brother. "We'll make sure this Clan survives, whether we have to go looking for that new territory or not. We won't let something like this destroy us."

"Of course, you won't," Hazelfern nodded. "Thank you, new warriors. But all we can do now is wait for that time to come, so we can stand our ground and let StarClan lead us. And we'll be ready when it does. HeatherClan is strong enough to survive StarClan's will. We'll prove this for centuries to come."

"We'll prove it for centuries to come," Leopardstrike and Cricketleg both repeated, their pride soaring.

Cricketleg looked around at the dead Moonlight's Embraces one last time, now unafraid of what it might cause. "HeatherClan will never fall."

☆ • ☆ • ☆ • ☆ • ☆

Another chapter written by Zephyr. I'm a lot more proud of this one than the last, even if it is a bit shorter. The plot is finally moving along!

I hope everyone enjoys. Thank you, Yearlets!

= Chapter 8 =

A cat of fire eyes left destruction in their wake.

It ran in their blood, you see. Rather then suppress their devastation, they relished in it. With pain came gain, they would always think.

As they moved through the spruce trees, flanked by only ghosts; their eyes flickered.

No one knew what they had done.
No one living, at least.
And everybody knows that the dead don't talk.

HeatherClan were off to Sweetened Creek, as today was the day of their annual ceremony. The ceremony, it was to celebrate new life, and just the way it continued, moons after moons, despite disasters and the constant changes that the Clan went through. It was to celebrate endurance and resilience.

But the feline who walked with enigma as their guide didn't care for such trivial things.

Everyone was so bubbly and cheerful. It grated their nerves down to their fragile bones. High-pitched voices and bright smiles...at least it only lasted for a day.

They closed their devoid eyes as the world washed over them in a glittery flutter of butterfly wings. It was too bright today. The mood felt sharp and stingy against their fur. They didn't like it.

It wasn't as if they hated happiness. That wasn't the case at all! They just happened to dislike this manner of happiness. It reminded them of kits, with their naive eyes and carefree existence. Kits just rubbed them the wrong way. The happiness was an annoyance; it got on their nerves.

With a sigh they stood, tuning out the mindless chatter that filled their ears with a buzz of white noise. None of this mattered to them. Life didn't seem to excite them very much anymore. They hadn't struck another in so long.

And they found they missed it.

But they'd chosen their path, the one entwined with dark matter. And no matter if it veered into misery, there was much excitement whenever they caused others to bleed out. That flood of endorphins, the rush of the kill, the mess and aftermath that trembled inside their skin...

They had to destroy today.
They had to.

It was as if their organs were failing; as if there was a disease drifting through their bloodstream. They were dependent on their crimes. They loved everything about what they did. The way the shame and guilt caved into apathy and nestled against their chest. The way it gave them purpose and drove away the dissatisfaction that they'd now grown accustomed too.

Their crimes meant everything to them.
Their crimes were, of course, murder.

They'd done it before and today they would do it again.

StarClan knows it was overdue.

After all, one can live with illness wrapped around their head and weakening their flimsy bones to crushed cement.

But when the illness starts to beat in place of one's heart and breathe for one's lungs, that is when it must be cleansed.

"Can you believe there's only one?" A voice shattered through the walls around the melancholy cat's train of thought.

They swallowed bile slick with anger as rusty and quick as a dull shade of carmine.
Why did Wolfstorm, that foolish tom, have to speak so loudly?

"I know. It's so strange! Even Forestspirit and the elders from SilverClan and ShadedClan think so. They said, in their time and before, this has never happened. Only one living kit in all of the Clans!" Echolight, Wolfstorm's companion exclaimed. Her brown tabby and white pelt were exceedingly well groomed for the occasion.

The cat with starlight-burned fur turned slightly. *The only living kit? Now that's something interesting.*

"I mean, there's got to be some significance to that. Only one kit? Something that's never happened before? At a time like this? That can't be a coincidence," Wolfstorm said, in the same loud tone.

The cat flinched. Wolfstorm shouldn't be gossiping about divine forces and whatnot!
Obnoxious feline. He doesn't even know what he's talking about.

It was as if someone lit a flame.

Smoke clearing the desires locked firmly away in their mind.
The urges, the need to slaughter could so easily be cured.
Wolfstorm could be eliminated.
It would be easy.

Metallic tides washed away the carmine. To hurt is easy, to destroy is better.
Stripping bone from flesh in an elegant manner of breakage was almost an art to the feline.

And to get rid of a cat who annoyed them so very much would feel so satisfying.

But how would they do it?
Well, Wolfstorm obviously had all these theories about the kit. Why not use his conspiracies against him?

"Say, Wolfstorm," said the cat, voice as silky as honey. "That sounds interesting. Would you mind hunting with me? I'm fascinated to hear what you think of this kit."

The black and grey tom smiled pleasantly. "Of course! Echolight,

you wanna come?" Wolfstorm asked.

Sour tastes filled the cat of whitened skies. They didn't want to kill them both! Now they'd have to wait to kill another day.

"Oh no, I've already hunted. Thanks for the offer though!" The pretty molly purred.

Relief trembled inside their throat. *Thank StarClan!*

"Okay, you coming?" They asked Wolfstorm.

Wolfstorm nodded as he stood, and trotted over to the other cat. Without any exchange, the two set out; Wolfstorm looked slightly put out by the lack of conversation.

The spruce trees surrounded the group of two as they walked. Twigs and dried leaves cracked underfoot with every clumsy movement. The unnamed feline felt themselves growing impatient at Wolfstorm's cheerful attempts to converse, and the jokes that fell from his lips. (Though they would never admit it, the jokes were actually rather amusing.)

"Say, where are we even going?" Wolfstorm asked.

"Oh, I'm not sure. Tell me about this kit, then?" They answered, diverting the conversation.

"Okay, but we need to hunt quickly. The Ceremony of Sunlit Paws is today, don't forget," Wolfstorm replied, before launching into his speculations about the sole kit.

As if I could forget. Contempt lay embedded in the feline's nod of fake enthusiasm. And when Wolfstorm began his silver-lined words of the kit, they allowed themselves to drown out the words with their thoughts.

Their claws were vibrating and excitement lay under their fur. Murder was their specialty, their favourite form of therapy. They liked the way others looked in death. The way the victim's face contorted into terror, and the way necks twisted after a break. They liked the way they became still, and the way their life flickered out.

It felt nice to feel a heart stop beating and to feel breath leave the body.

It felt so sweet and sickening. And they liked that.

Sadism was their sentient friend.

"Let's hunt here!" Wolfstorm purred.

They nodded.

"But first..." The feline's sheathed claws slid out, gleaming ivory illegality.

Wolfstorm blinked in confusion.

"Oh, dear. My bloodlust is particularly violent today. I need to feel my fill of pain. I'm sorry, but you're my victim. It's going to hurt you, and I'm going to enjoy it," whispered the feline, eyes like fireflies.

Wolfstorm stood, mouth agape as the words tumbled over him.

"I'm your...victim..? What? I don't... I don't understand!"

"I think I made myself perfectly clear. Then again, actions speak louder than words." Their lips curled as they struck.

One could compare them to a snake, silent and deadly. A lethal touch and tainted tongue.

They sprung, their body as flightless as the air.

Wolfstorm managed to dodge and lunge to the side. But he hadn't reckoned on the violet-touched cat's experience.

Draped in torpidity, the feline twisted their body in a graceful arc, stretching out a paw that grazed the black and grey tom's chin.

Murder was art, and the play was their dance.

Wolfstorm began to run, but they were quick, too quick. Covering ground in swift strides, they raced alongside their prey. A dart of

star-stricken holiness, they turned sharply and bowled the other cat over.

Wolfstorm let out a horrified howl as his body hit the ground, dust flying up around the two cats.

The silent savage felt themself tumble over the other cat, jumping to their feet as quickly as possible.

Wolfstorm mirrored his movements, jumping up. His fur was bristling and he was keeping the weight off one of his paws.

To a novice fighter, this would mean nothing. To a novice fighter; they wouldn't notice the slight imbalance in their enemy. But the cat of mystery shrouded eyes was far from a novice fighter. They had experience in tooth and claw combat, and they were analytical. They noticed that Wolfstorm had sustained an injury. And they knew how to work this to their advantage.

They lunged forward and hooked their paw around their enemy's injured foot. It was weak, and Wolfstorm let out a howl as it was whisked out from underneath him. He fell to the ground heavily on his side. Before he could speak, before he could move, the feline jumped upon him. Digging their claws into the side of his neck, right where the carotid artery would be, he started pressing down slightly, piercing the skin.

"What are you... Why are you...?" Wolfstorm stuttered.

"My motives don't matter to dead cats," They replied, lips curled and teeth bared.

They slid their claws under their victim's skin, piercing the pulsing artery hidden there. Immediately blood began pulsing out of the small wound. Retracting their claws, they led blood bubble from the pinpricks.
Unsheathing their claws once more, they slit the skin over that artery. Blood gushed violently from the small wound.

"You're lucky. I decided to kill you in one of the quickest ways. Slicing your life-giving artery. You'll be dead in minutes, if not

seconds." The cat whispered, before climbing off their victim.

"He... StarClan, he slaughtered me! Banish him when the night comes for him! Send him to the Place of No Stars!"

The nameless feline flinched at the dying tom's screeches. If anyone heard, they'd know that Wolfstorm had been murdered. And they'd know that it was a male, a tom who had committed the crime.

The cold feline watched as his victim convulsed slightly, gagging on blood that was trailing from his mouth and nose. It took very little time for Wolfstorm to meet his end.

The murderer waited for the last breath to melt from the tom's lips. It wasn't a very violent death, but it was enough to satisfy his bloodlust.

Now he would dump the cat in the river, and let his body wash far away. As far as anyone else was concerned, Wolfstorm fell into the water, and drowned, while he could do nothing but try and save him, which he tragically, failed to do.

What an unfortunate accident Wolfstorm's drowning had been.

Hello , yearlets ! I feel as if this chapter is better written than my last . At least , I hope so !

Have a wonderful day , I hope you enjoy . ~ Blackbird

Important Announcement

Hey Yearlets!

Did you know Century is back?

After a year of inactivity, Morning has restarted the account! Sunset, her new deputy, and Moon, the new writing admin, have joined the Team.

However, a team of three isn't big enough for Century. We're looking for more. So, Century is accepting more admins!

• **Game Admin (1 or 2)**

• **Writing Admin (1)**

• **Roleplay Admin (1 or 2)**

The link to the form is on our message board. We would appreciate it if you would join us as we rebuild Century!

- Morning🌟